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LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1867.

LITERATURE

Letters on England. By Louis Blanc. Second Series. Translated by James Hutton and L. J. Trotter. 2 vols. (Low & Co.)

IN 1813 M. Louis Blanc was born, at Madrid; in 1830, at the age of seventeen, he began to write in the Paris journals; in 1848, at the age of thirty-five, he was driven into exile. He then came to London, and in London, for nineteen years, he has remained, welcomed in the best of our intellectual and political society, as a man of his eminence in letters and of his great conversational powers deserved to be. The best part of his life, as a grown man, has been passed among us, given up to study and to historical composition. It was in London that he found the leisure and the materials for the completion of that magnificent '*Histoire de la Révolution Française*,' which the best judges of style and method allow to be the finest serious work in French produced during the Second Empire. But the life of M. Louis Blanc is not that of a simple student. This writer has played a part in politics; he has taken his place in history; he is the subject of many attacks and of much strenuous defence. Above all, he is what the Americans call a *live man*; one keen of spirit, active, eloquent, observant; full of sympathy with the time; a critic with the right to praise, a censor with the power to condemn. We might style him a statesman out of work, were it not that a ludicrous association clings to that phrase. During recent years he has filled the office, so to say, of a literary ambassador from the French people, who have found in him an instructor in foreign affairs, most of all in English affairs, rich in knowledge, liberal in sentiment, cosmopolitan in ideas. During these years he has had the command of important journals in Paris, and the confidence of readers in every part of France. The imperial government could hardly have found a wiser guide, as to the public feeling in this country, on such topics as America, Poland, Mexico, and the proposed Congress in Paris. We have noted the opinions given from day to day on many subjects of dispute, and we have scarcely ever found the writer at fault (only once conspicuously at fault), even on points which are very difficult for a foreigner to judge. If such reports as we find in these volumes were furnished to the Emperor by his agents at Albert Gate, it is difficult to understand how he could have fallen into his strange errors with regard to Mexico and the question of North and South.

With respect to Poland, M. Louis Blanc was never able to persuade himself that England would go to war, though he ardently desired that she should have done so; and he kept his countrymen very well informed on that matter. Sometimes, indeed, he almost hoped against hope, especially after the great meeting in Glasgow. But the illusion lasted for a moment only. The reserved language of Lord Palmerston, the care with which Lord Russell limited his intervention to advice, the emphasis with which the speakers in the City meeting repudiated war, convinced him that England would not send her fleets to "Warsaw." The chief cause of our reluctance to embark in great adventures on behalf of Poland—our distrust of Napoleon, an ally who had failed us in our previous struggle against Russia—he saw very clearly and described very boldly. We certainly did distrust the French Emperor; he had "sold" us in the Crimea; he had deceived us at Milan; and our people felt a keen reluctance to be taken in at Warsaw. How could we tell what he would

ask in case of success? We had seen what he meant by going to war for an idea—the idea being annexation of Savoy and Nice. How could we tell whether while prating of the Vistula he was not thinking of the Rhine? He had overreached us, by deception, twice; and we could not march, even in the best of causes, with an ally whom we had ceased to trust.

There were other reasons for adopting an attitude of neutrality when it became necessary either to cease advising or to draw the sword. Some of these reasons M. Louis Blanc perceives, though he hardly assigns them an adequate force. As a nation, England has but been a secondary interest in the Polish question. Poland lies beyond our reach, and, but for her great misfortunes, she would be almost beyond our sympathy. We never had any close relations with her. She is alien to us in race, hostile in politics, opposite in religion. She has never been our friend, and her exiles have been arrayed against us on a hundred battle-fields. All that makes Poland dear to France is to us either matter of indifference or matter of enmity. She is artistic in taste, Catholic in faith. Her manners are mercurial; her moralities lax. She is brave, turbulent, fantastical; in short, if she were a nation, with a life of her own, she would probably be what the French delight to call her, a Northern France. What are these things to us, that we should shed our blood and waste our treasures for her? A new France on the Vistula! Is that a pleasant phantom for an English minister to raise?

Again, the English mind is practical,—never troubling itself about what our neighbours call the logic of its sentiments; and after Louis Napoleon had closed by a premature, and to us vexatious, peace with Russia, the only road to Warsaw which the Western Powers could ever hope to find open, we saw that we could never get to Poland, even though we set the whole of our fleets and armies in motion to that end. It is only in poetry that ships arrive in the heart of Europe. The only way in which an army can march from the West on Warsaw is through Germany, through the territory of our friends, the inhabitants of Prussia! That is a line of march we can never take, or suffer the French to take. It is on this question of English feeling towards Prussia that M. Louis Blanc falls into what we deem his one conspicuous error. As a Frenchman, he owes to Prussia a serious grudge. Nearly all Frenchmen hate Prussia; and it is only the philosophical among them who can treat her with even a show of fairness. Not only did that power inflict terrible chastisement on the First Empire, but she stands in the way of that French development towards the Rhine, which is the sin, perhaps the necessary sin, of any Napoleonic system. But we English have no dislike to Prussia. She is not in our way; she has very seldom been our enemy in the field. Her people are of our stock, professing our religion, delighting in our literature, and, while showing us a good example to follow in many things, bent on imitating our freedom of thought and speech. Instead of wishing them any harm, we wish them all good, and not for their own sakes merely, but for ours. A French development towards the Rhine is one of those Napoleonic ideas to which England is most adverse. We have as lively a dread of seeing the French eagles at Coblenz, as of seeing the Russian eagles at Stamboul. We should probably go to war, and make it war to the knife, if either bird of prey were to make a threatening swoop. The interests which bind us to Turkey bind us to Prussia, but with closer and more numerous ties, and they are of the kind which

hardly depend upon times and seasons, persons and things. Next to our brethren in the United States, our kinsmen of North Germany are our natural allies, and a trouble with either of these nations would have for us the deplorable and detestable character of a civil war.

M. Louis Blanc never deceived himself as to the true meaning of Napoleon's programme, which, calling itself a war for the liberation of Poland, and other fine names, really meant a march on Mainz and Cologne. Of course, the writer hoped that the Emperor would achieve both these objects,—avenge outraged justice on the Vistula and annex the Rhenish provinces to France,—as the only fitting rewards of his genius and success. Once he was tempted, by the seeming unanimity of the London press, into a hope that England would be content to observe, and perhaps to aid this Imperial scheme. He found the King of Prussia unpopular. He saw Bismarck ridiculed and caricatured. The daily papers wrote with unusual warmth. The *Times* said,—"Whatever may be our hostility towards the bear, there cannot be a doubt as to the nature of our sentiments towards the jackal." Prussia was that jackal. We quote M. Louis Blanc's summaries:—"The *Daily News* declares that William the First is henceforth a royal outlaw. The *Morning Advertiser* predicts and desires for him the fate of the Stuarts. The *Daily Telegraph* represents him as carrying aid to a bear that has upset a beehive over itself, and round which millions of bees are buzzing in mad rage. The *Morning Star* entreats the English to open a vast subscription, and to throw the weight of their money into one of the scales of the balance, into the other of which the King of Prussia has thrown the weight of his sword. The *Saturday Review* says, that the convention concluded between the Court of St. Petersburg and that of Berlin is too irritating a subject to be even discussed. The *Spectator* exclaims: 'Will the Western Powers suffer their own laws and the laws of God to be thus trampled under foot?' After having shown how perfectly unanimous the English press were, he asked his countrymen pointedly—The state of public opinion in England being such, what will the French Government do? And then he adds,—"If Napoleon the Third has ever cast a longing eye upon the Rhenish provinces, and watched for an opportunity of playing a brilliant game, Fortune now seems to have put the cards into his hand. Might it not be said that the intervention of Prussia against Poland has been conceived for the express purpose of justifying the intervention of France against Prussia?" Here lies, we think, the great mistake. King William never was unpopular in England to the extent here stated. He was obnoxious, as King of Prussia, to one newspaper, and the part which he took in the Polish question annoyed and distressed the Liberal party; but between the momentary estrangement of friends and kinsmen and the vendetta which proceeds to outlawry and decapitation, the distance is very great. M. Louis Blanc follows, we think, a misleading light in what refers to German politics. In one place he goes so far astray from fact as to speak of the Prussian King as a "poor monarch, compromised by a poor Minister." We do not need to judge King William and Count Bismarck after Königsgrätz in order to see the injustice of such a description. Our author soon found that the irritation felt in London against King William and his audacious Minister would not prevent us from absolutely forbidding any advance of the French Zouaves on Coblenz. It is not easy for a French writer like M. Louis Blanc, who loves his country and who respects

his asylum, to admit, even to himself, the fact that England and North Germany are bound together by better ties than paper treaties; that each feels strong in the other's strength; and that they can never find themselves on opposite sides in a quarrel, except by outraging nature as well as deranging trade and finance. But that is, in truth, the fact of facts in the policy of these wiser times.

Nothing could have been simpler and better than the reports sent home by M. Louis Blanc on the relations of English parties to the Civil War in the United States. This clearness of insight sprang in a great degree from the steadfastness of his own faith in Liberal principles. In front of all questions which arise, he is apt to say, not, Which is the side of my traditions and of my interests? but, Which is the side of truth, of liberty, of progress? Hence, he is free from many of the prejudices of selfish politicians, of men who persuade themselves that statesmanship, to be practical, must have a life apart from high moral principle. Unlike, therefore, some of our own liberal politicians, he never wavered in his allegiance to the right cause; his vision never grew dim in the smoke of battle; his nerves never trembled in the shock of events. To him the war of North and South was always what we found at the end it had been—an armed crusade against the claim of man to hold a property in his fellow. Hence, he mourned in spirit over what he found to be a momentary defection of some among our educated and liberal classes. Every hour of the day he thought of Clarkson and Wilberforce; and marvelled how men who had decreed the emancipation of negroes in their own colonies could sympathize with men who were fighting for a slave-empire in Virginia. Some grains of comfort our philosopher found in the generous attitude taken up by our working men; and, indeed, the conduct of our toiling millions during those years of famine, when the tempters promised them bread if they would only press the Government to recognize the South, was such as will for ever make the pulse bound and the eye brighten to recall. M. Louis Blanc dwells with a fond spirit on the patient bravery, so much nobler than the mere courage of strife, with which the artisan bore his terrible losses, on the stern resolution which he showed to do right though the very heavens should fall upon his head. He quotes the ominous words which leapt up from the midst of a great meeting in Sheffield, when Mr. Roebuck tempted his constituents to cry out for a recognition of the South, "Never! we should have a civil war in England!"

But the governing classes—the men who make the life of clubs, the women who are the charm of drawing-rooms: where were the people who had raised the monument to Wilberforce, who had wept over Uncle Tom? They seemed to be making a hero of Capt. Semmes, a heroine of Belle Boyd. How has a foreign critic to account for such a change? "I allow," he says, "that the language of the American press in the North has been often very inconsiderate, violent, unfair, full of bravado: but, in good truth, has not its vehemence been provoked by the daily recurring evidences of a partiality unreserved and, to speak plainly, shameless?" The sympathy of Tories for the South—of those Tories who, by way of expiation, have now dashed into Household Suffrage—he could easily understand; but how account for the evident leaning of men like Gladstone and Russell to the Southern side? Hear what M. Louis Blanc had to urge in explanation:—

"It is right to remember that the North, besides committing some considerable faults, has been far from displaying the qualities likely to be most ap-

preciated in this country: I mean the external dignity of attitude, the external dignity of language, a countenance stern and haughty, a quiet air, absence of ostentation and brag. In England—and this remark is not mine, but the *Spectator's*, a journal remarkable for the philosophic impartiality of its judgments, the loftiness of its sentiments, and its depth of insight—in England people are more inclined to advocate a bad cause defended in proper form than a good cause badly defended. That comes of the importance here attached to externals, an importance caused by something factitious, something conventional, in the existence of every aristocracy. It too readily measures a man by that which is outside him; it is apt to take the mask for the face itself. A democracy turbulent, braggart, restless, swift to pass from dejection to pride, exaggerating one while its strength, another while its reverses, using the abolition of slavery now as a question of nationality, anon as a military device, doubtful, in short, as to the nature of its aim and the choice of its means—that is all that aristocratic England has seen or wished to see in the North. And when, on the contrary, she observed that the government of Jefferson Davis spoke little and hit hard, came forth calm in adversity and modest in success, kept its eye always fixed on its purpose, and strode towards it with a resolute step, she fancied herself perfectly justified in sympathizing with the South; she never asked if the cause of the South was just, if justice would triumph through the victory of the South. She judged the tree by its bark, not by its fruit."

Take this hint of a reason for all that it is worth, and there is certainly something in it. But it is not the whole truth. In our Liberal society there is a good deal of Toryism, just as in our Conservative society there is a good deal of Democracy. We have no hard and fast lines in politics. Parties are not castes. We give and take, we chop and change. An obstructive becomes aggressive, and the revolutionist becomes a mainstay of order. In the present session we have seen a Radical Reform Bill pushed through the House of Commons by fiery county members, while the critics and moderators have been mainly supplied from the Liberal benches. If we can understand how a number of persons calling themselves Tories can give peace to the country in the shape of Household Suffrage, we may also comprehend how a number of persons, calling themselves Whigs, might rejoice in the prospect of destroying the great Anglo-Saxon republic. The Tory is not all Tory, nor the Whig all Whig. Each has his good side and his bad side. But was not this defection of society from the straight line of duty—from the path of its own traditions—a little overstated? London clubs are not London, and the newspapers do not include all English activities. We took some pains to ascertain the state of feeling at the time; and our conviction was, and is, that ninety-nine Englishmen in the hundred were against the establishment of a Slave-empire, and that nine Englishmen out of ten were always friendly to the North. London was less Southern in feeling than New York. More public meetings were called in the Northern States in favour of Secession than could be called in England. Of course we have our feudal party, like the rest of the world—a party which, being social rather than political, has lines quite independent of those which divide us for political purposes. It contained as many Whigs as Tories. This feudal party in England hailed the feudal party in America,—rejoiced in its triumphs, suffered in its defeats, and shared in its annihilation. It was an active and influential party; but it was not England. The sudden way in which it fell to pieces—routed, broken, and destroyed, by a line of news which told how Richmond had fallen and Lee surrendered—proved how weak it had always been.

From the first days of the Mexican expedition, M. Louis Blanc warned his countrymen against it; and to his warnings, in some degree at least, may be traced the great unpopularity of that measure in France. Louis Napoleon pleads that he was deceived by the Mexican agents: we think he was deceived by his own ambition, by his desire to become a patron of princes, a disposer of crowns, and a curber of the Saxon race. If he were deceived by Miramon and Marquez, he must have been strangely blind. More than four years ago M. Louis Blanc laid before Paris readers this extract from a letter written by an English minister in Mexico to Lord Russell, after the inauguration of the Juarez Government:—"Civil and religious liberty have been established upon a broad basis. Peace is the only thing required for the development of constitutional principles and the intellectual progress of the people." Of Juarez the same minister had written,—"President Juarez, though void of the energy demanded by the existing crisis, is an upright and well-intentioned man, excellent in all the private relations of life." Miramon, chief of the Church party, had then been overthrown. Our minister describes the change; and it is well that England should now be reminded of her officer's words. "Foreigners," he says, "especially those who have suffered so cruelly under the arbitrary power of Miramon, and, as a consequence, of the hatred and intolerance which, as regards them, constitute one of the dogmas of the Church party in Mexico, cannot help making a profound distinction between the present and the past." Nor was this all. Our minister goes on to speak of Marquez and Miramon with the calm indignation which their crimes, committed under his eyes, had called forth. To the "want of means must be attributed the prolonged existence and increase of the guerilla bands commanded by the Spaniards Cobos and Vicario, and by the infamous Marquez, who pursues his career of assassination and rapine." Our Minister in Mexico added, in reference to the new government by Juarez,—"Two miserable attempts have been made to create a disturbance in the capital, but were discovered and repressed in time. With that exception, the public tranquillity has not been disturbed; and however defective, however weak may be the present government, those who have before their eyes the murders, the atrocious acts, the highway robberies daily committed under the government of General Miramon and his advisers Señor Diaz and General Marquez, cannot but appreciate the reign of law and justice."

These scoundrels were the men whom Louis Napoleon made his instruments in the work of supplanting a native government in Mexico, with the ultimate view of opposing an imperial barrier to the progress of the Anglo-Saxon race!

Our readers will see that we have only touched on two or three of the many important subjects handled by M. Louis Blanc. He deals with passing events, and even with passing follies,—holding up a mirror in which we can see ourselves; but his pen is always guided by a serious motive. Even when he is brightest and wittiest,—and he is sometimes singularly bright and epigrammatic,—his observations are remarkable for their good sense. England is fortunate in having such an interpreter with the French people.

The Church and the World: Essays on Questions of the Day in 1867. By Various Writers. Edited by the Rev. Orby Shipley, M.A. (Longmans & Co.)

THIS is a second series: we noticed the first when it appeared. Just at the time when

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authoritative inquiry is at last beginning to take place appears this work, in which it is to be clearly shown, not merely that the Roman system and doctrine, full and entire, *ought* to be practised in the English Church, but that it *actually* is practised. Let some of the writers in this collection be called, and they either establish the fact, or convict themselves of falsehood.

This second series is by no means so readable as the first, except to confirmed Roman-English adherents. The writers are all changed: and the subjects also. The trumpet now gives a more certain sound; though it was not very dubious before. The aims of the writers are, not perhaps more clearly put, but of better indicated extent. We called the last series mild half-and-half; the present is certainly heavy wet. The subjects are—Some Results of the Tractarian Movement of 1833,—Preachers and Preaching; the Pulpit and the Press,—The Sacrament of Marriage,—Public Law and the Colonial Church,—Greek Rites in the West,—Sisterhood Life,—Private Confession and Absolution,—Religious Toleration,—Church Music,—The Curate Question,—A Layman's View of Confession,—The Court of Final Appeal in Causes Ecclesiastical,—The Ritual Law of the Church of England,—Latitudinarianism,—The Three Vows,—The Symbolism of Ritual. We give the whole list, as a compromise: we intend to notice especially only two; and some of our readers may be desirous of knowing what they will find. If dullness and length indicate depth and completeness, it is likely enough that those who wish to go to the bottom of the matter may suspect they will find full information and reference to more of it.

The first treatise is a history of the Tractarian movement and its consequences: and it is a striking exception to the dryness of which we have spoken. It might be reprinted separately, and circulated at — per hundred, by the well-wishers of the movement. There is little for us to learn from it, except that the partisans seem to be in high hope and confidence. There is a pleasant assurance of success which is seen in all earnest religious bodies: its holders shine out among the indifferent and the cautious; they strike the imaginations of those who do not know the tone of fervent sectarianism. The Roman Catholics, the Methodists, the Evangelicals, all have it strongly: and the Tractarians follow suit. When Greek meets Greek then comes the tug of war: it is a fine thing to see the meeting of two spiritual warriors each of whom has God all to himself. It sometimes ends, we are told, by the belligerents kneeling down in opposite corners of the room to pray for each other; but we are desirous of very clearly disclaiming our ever having *seen* it come to this pass.

If we were to take these epistles to the Churches, and serve them as the Apostles are served, by wrenching a text out of one letter on one subject, and another out of another on another, we might draw some strange inferences. This we will only do in one case, because we believe the results of the juxtaposition can be fully reinforced from other writers, and because we believe our authors would not object to our inferences. In one place we are told that "the Church and State are *two* distinct bodies. The Spirituality and Temporality are the two estates of the *one* body politic of this realm of England. . . . Only Erastians make the Church and State one body." And the "Establishment," which it seems, is the "Church" for the present, has "usurped to the Crown the rights of the Spirituality." There is some confusion of language here, such, we suspect, as arises when parties are obliged to speak "with stammering lips

and uncertain formulæ": but the intention is clear enough.

Again, in another place, to the question, Why not take a Protestant model in a Protestant country, rather than a Roman model?—the answer given is, "England's Church is Catholic, though England's self be not." That is, putting things together, there is a Church which is so far above the State that government of its clergy by the Crown—or some important part of this government—is usurpation: and a *Roman* model must be followed in preference to a Protestant model, because this Church is *Catholic*, which the country is not.

This is the opinion which we have long given to these sectaries, and which we only reinforce from the preceding extracts. The difficulties of the law, and the indifference of the educated mass, have made it practicable to introduce into many parts of the Establishment an undisguised form of that priestly system from which the Reformation was intended to tear us away. The moderate Episcopalians of our old model are as quiet as mice, and think that it is only one little sect added to the many already in action. They will open their eyes when they see a union of Nonconformists and Latitudinarians with many of their own body, backed by the Scotch and Irish, demanding a completely new distribution of the funds set apart for teaching religion! They will hardly know what to answer when they hear that a system which has always allowed a kind of supernatural status to its priests must be wholly destroyed, as dangerous to liberty. This union may not succeed, and its first attempts will fail. This union will be founded, likely enough, on some absurd and impracticable basis of action. But the absurdity of the system which it opposes will be its strength, so long as that system lasts: its appearance will be the signal for vigorous action against that system; and only with that system will it fall. And the movement may be near at hand. Political repose always forgets the rate at which great changes progress, when once they begin to be demanded in earnest. The House of Commons thanked the Manchester sabre-men for cutting down reformers in 1820: the House of Lords yielded to fear of civil war in 1832 an amount of reform which the Manchester Radicals would have held beyond hope.

The article on Toleration is intended only to discuss the question what should be allowed in a Church, as between the governing body and the members. And these members are the clergy, as is apparent from the whole tenor. Incidentally, we are frequently introduced to the grievances of this Catholic Church of confessedly uncatholic England. We learn that the Convocation has not its due power; that a priest, except when actually serving, is undistinguishable from a layman; that the laity have lost all knowledge of the distinction between Churchman and Dissenter. "The labour of undoing these abuses will prove an Herculean task." We should think so, England not being Catholic. Again, the Church is legislated for by a body many of whose members are not Churchmen. The Committee of Privy Council "affects [by Act of Parliament] some ill-defined claim to authority, derived in pretence from the Royal Supremacy"; but deserves no more reverence from antiquity than the County Courts. This is nonsense. The Crown has always had advice from the Privy Council; and the Judicial Committee acts under a Parliamentary enactment as to the way of seeking the means of giving advice. The Committee *recommends* a course of action to the Crown; but there is no law by which the Crown is compelled to adopt the recommendation. The Articles, as usual,

are slighted; they are articles of peace, not of faith. This is certainly not true, as appears by the words of subscription. They should be reconsidered, because "at certain times certain opinions, if not absolutely incorrect, assume a deforming prominence, detrimental to the analogy of the Faith." This is an astute proposition, and means a good deal; it is exemplified by saying that many articles have "a tone not altogether concordant with our Ritual Formularies"; not a doubt about it, when the formularies have the *Catholic* interpretation which the Articles were intended to exclude. In describing what the High Church is supposed to want, a party is described, but it is clear that the writer belongs to the party. They are declared beyond the bounds of toleration who espouse the loose principles of a system called Protestantism; who deny the sacramental grace of ordination; who do not place the Church before, and "in some sense above," all human institutions; who explain away regeneration in baptism, real objective presence in the Eucharist, divine gift in Confirmation, forgiveness in Absolution, grace in other sacraments, &c. "Is the device by which the privileges taken from the Bishop of Rome at the Reformation devolved upon the Crown to be for ever maintained?" Certainly; because the nation wills that full toleration and more should be given to those things which "the Church" would put down. "Who is to decide on the limits of toleration? Surely the clergy in their synods and courts, primarily, directly, and responsibly; and the laity by their general influence, indirectly and non-officially." And in claiming these responsibilities the Church "assigns to herself a dignity compared with which that of the most exalted institution of the earth is as nothing." Precisely so: the Church does assign this to herself. But, as justly observed, England is not *Catholic*; and we add, that England is not an ass: at least, not the strong ass Issachar which bowed his shoulder to bear. We know what is meant by a Church which is to rule herself; we know that such a Church will admit the laity—to obedience. We hear the writers of these Essays singing to themselves the chorus made for Rome a few years ago,—

As soon as we have gained our end, and that is domination, We'll tolerate you with a tollerolderoleration.

This chorus, perhaps in Latin, must be sung by those who say, "Our practical inquiry ought to be—How can that happy condition be realized in which a Christian will not be perplexed as to his faith or practice, a heretic will not be allowed to undermine the orthodoxy of his neighbours? . . ." When it comes to a hint that public means are to be employed against one who *undermines*, which includes private discussion, we see that the whole soul of the writer is saturated with the notion of destroying all religious liberty, public and private. He lets out more than he intended: and we thank him. If the Church which is endowed by the nation should choose to set itself above the nation, it must set itself above receiving money from the nation. There is sometimes a whisper about secession, and a strong implication that the Church property is to secede too. But this cannot be. The "Church" may run away, but it must leave both bread and butter behind, and live upon voluntary aid. One such Church has seceded: its partisans went by the name of Non-jurors, and the divine institution, as it thought itself, died out no one knows exactly where or when. It is as hard to find when the last non-juring bishop died, as to procure a copy of the first edition of Bunyan. This Ritualism will have a similar turn-out and a similar die-out, so soon as the country is fairly awake to

its meaning. We hope that good time is coming, and we incline to think so. This question of property occurs frequently. The writer complains that when law adjusts a question about the property of dissenting congregations, it says to the parties, Settle among yourselves the religious question, and then we shall ascertain the legal right. It is implied that the same rule should be adopted in matters relating to the Establishment. But the writers forget that the dissenters find their own funds, and that the state finds funds for the national religion. It is the business of the Courts to ascertain which is the doctrine for the support of which the country pays. The assertion that the tithes, &c. are Church property in the sense in which Apsley House is Wellington property will not stand for a moment, either in law or reason. The Courts settle the meaning of testators, donors, &c., in all cases in which property is held under that meaning. Chancery had to decide, and did decide, what Lady Hewley meant by a "godly minister." And law must settle, in the interest of the donors, whether the conditions of a public gift have been complied with. Catholics of the confessedly uncatholic nation! disencumber yourselves of your temporalities; give up the lucre, live by the altar, as St. Paul says, and you may settle your doctrines and your practices with those who choose to furnish your altar with a livelihood.

The Poems of Valerius Catullus. Translated into English Verse; with Life of the Poet, Excursus, and Illustrative Notes. By James Cranstoun, B.A. (Edinburgh, Nimmo.)

THE writings of Catullus will never be as popular with middle-aged gentlemen as those of Horace. They are too real, too passionately musical,—deriving their finish, in the finest examples, more from the exquisite music of the thought than from the mere quality of the verse. Then, again, they are much naughtier; and, though middle-aged gentlemen like the naughtiness of Horace and Rabelais, it is because that is intellectual naughtiness—not flesh-and-blood like, not insolent, not virile, like the naughtiness of Béranger; not fast and emotional, like the naughtiness of Catullus and Alfred de Musset. Catullus, in a word, is more juvenile a writer than Horace. He appeals to young men and old heathens, not to comfortable middle-aged moderns. Yet, like Horace, he is excessively elegant and gentlemanly, well-bred, and devoid of vulgar artifices to enlist attention. In more than one respect he resembles Alfred de Musset,—in his perfect artistic temper, his quiet indifference to deep spiritual promptings, his yearning for surroundings more in harmony with his nobler instincts. The man who could love so intensely and express his love so vividly made a solitary figure in a peculiar time.

If we wish to survey swiftly the state of society in Rome at the period when Catullus wrote, we have only to open our Cicero and turn to the masterly Oration in favour of Marcus Caelius. Here we have not only a vivid representation of the time, but a highly-coloured picture of a woman who, if not actually the Lesbia whom Catullus loved, possessed, at all events, an extraordinary family likeness to the same. That Lesbia was not Clodia, is now incontestably clear; but both were married women, both were of high rank, both were daring and splendid in their amours, and each was a woman, to quote the masterly touch of Cicero, "quam omnes semper amicam omnium potius, quam cujusquam inimicam putaverunt." The love of Catullus for such a woman is the key-note to his life, to his genius.

Had he loved her less, the "lepidum novum libellum" might have been spared by modern students; but having loved her as he did, with so intense a fire, with so memorable a sweetness, he has left behind him a book which for lyric fervour is only equalled in ancient literature by the wondrous fragments of Sappho herself.

If we detach the poems to Lesbia, a few personal poems, the 'Atys,' the 'Pelexus and Thetis,' and the Epithalamiums, there are left in the list of the Catullian writings only a few trivial songs of gallantry, some smart *vers de société*, and a number of not very good epigrams. It is on the love-songs chiefly that the poet takes his stand; and these are singularly pure, if we except an occasional word of villanous force and import. The 'Atys,' too, is pure and strikingly moral, in spite of its peculiar subject: so are the Epithalamiums and the Homeric imitations. It is in his epigrams that the poet uses most mud; it is in his friendly epistles that he is most wicked. But in these he was too plainly under social influences, too much taken up with contemporary follies. Whenever he is true to his best instincts, he is capable of a self-abnegation and a purity of passion which show his real superiority to his surroundings. True, he was a *roué*, but one of a noble type. In Rome, at that period, polite society was the most debauched of all society; and the handsome patrician fell into the usual snares,—rioted in his villas at Sirmio and Tibur, employed the rascal Silo to supply succulent morsels, and dealt heavily with the usurers. Yet, amid all such dissolute influences, in spite of the temptations which surrounded him, and to which he yielded, he found time to foster a passion which was certainly as genuine as it was undeserved, and which he has celebrated in poetry unrivalled for the naturalness of its transitions and the fine frenzy of its amorous appeals.

But we must not be betrayed into an essay on Catullus when our present business is merely to describe a new translation of the poems. Mr. Cranstoun comes forward with somewhat ambitious pretensions. "Of all the Latin poets, Catullus, perhaps, can least afford to submit to the excising process. His expressions, it is true, are often intensely sensuous, sometimes even grossly licentious; but to obliterate these and to clothe him in the garb of purity would be to misrepresent him entirely. In the present translation, except in very rare instances, no omission, even to the extent of a line, has been made. Some of the poems, for obvious reasons, have not been rendered with the same verbal accuracy as others; but in all of them it has been the aim of the translator to preserve, as far as possible, the force and spirit of the original." We cannot say that Mr. Cranstoun has fulfilled the promise of correctness. Here is his translation of poem lvi.—"O rem ridiculam, Cato, et jocosa":—

TO CATO.

Here's a joke well worth hearing, my Cato,
A thing full of humour and fun,
If you love me I pray you give way to
A good hearty laugh when I've done.
I've just caught a young rascal decoying
My sweetheart with speeches so fine,
While she sat beside him enjoying
His glances as if they'd been mine.
Venus! goddess to lovers still dearest,
My passion I could not contain,
So I just took the weapon was nearest,
And pommel'd him well with my cane.

Here the sense of the last line of the original is quite lost, and the whole is expanded into meaningless jocosity. We do not say that Mr. Cranstoun was bound to translate the original, but he is deceiving readers when he misses—as here and elsewhere—one of the least agreeable elements of the Catullian writings. One might

as well translate Petronius, and leave out Gito.

In other respects, moreover, this translation is unsatisfactory. Its best mood reminds us of Moore's lyric vein, but it never in the least resembles the exquisite ease of the original. Compare with the original Mr. Cranstoun's version of No. 13—the delicious invitation to Fabullus. It was not a bad thought to translate in the conversational-letter style made familiar to us by Burns, but the result is very weak. Here is the Latin:—

Cenabis bene, mi Fabulle, apud me
Paucis, si tibi Dii favent, diebus,
Si tecum attuleris bonam atque magnam
Cenam, non sine candida puella.
Et vino, et sale, et omnibus cacininis.
Hec si, inquam, attuleris, veniste noster,
Cenabis bene: nam tui Catulli
Plenus sacculus est araneorum.
Sed contra accipies meros amores,
Seu quid suavius elegantiusne est:
Nam unguentum dabo, quod mese puellæ,
Donarunt Veneres, Cupidinesque:
Quod tu cum officis, Deos rogaris,
Totum ut te faciant, Fabulle, nasum.

Here is the English:—

TO FABULLUS.

Invitation to Dinner.

If the gods will, Fabullus my dine,
With me right heartily you'll dine,
Bring but good cheer—that chance is thine—
Some days hereafter;
Mind a fair girl, too, wit, and wine,
And merry laughter.
Bring these—you'll feast on kingly fare—
But bring them—for my purse—I swear
The spiders have been weaving there;
But thee I'll favour
With a pure love, or, what's more rare,
More sweet of savour,

An unguent I'll before you lay
The Loves and Graces' other day
Gave to my girl—smell it—you'll pray
The gods, Fabullus,
To make you turn all nose straightway.
Yours are, Catullus.

Mr. Cranstoun succeeds better in the graver pieces, such as the 'Nuptials' and 'Beronica's Hair.' His best piece, however, is the 'Atys.' This extraordinary poem, unique in literature, is rendered with great force and spirit. The metre chosen is the slow and strong line of sixteen syllables, and is the best equivalent for the original galliambics, next to the unrhymed imitation of Mr. Tennyson's 'Boadicea.' Mr. Cranstoun, however, quite misses the exquisite transition, in the opening lines, from the masculine to the feminine gender:

Stimulus ubi furenti rabie, vagas animi,
Devolvit illa acuta sibi pondera silice!

We quote a part of Mr. Cranstoun's version:

When now with sweet refreshing rest his furious frenzy
was allay'd,
And Atys with untroubled soul his deeds in sober reason
weigh'd,
And with unclouded mind beheld the sexless wretch he
was, and where,
Back to the sea he rush'd, soul-toss'd upon the billows of
despair,
And, gazing with tear-welling eyes upon the ocean's vast
expanse,
Pour'd forth unto his native land this plaint, his woe's
wild utterance:

"My country! land that gave me birth! from which,
wretch that I am! I fled,
Like hireling from his master's roof, and to the groves of
Ida sped,
There amid snows and frozen dens of savage brutes my lot
to bear,
And rove, a frantic wretch, and rouse the forest prowler
from his lair:

"Where shall I deem thee, parent clime? Oh! in what
region dost thou lie?
While reason's fitful gleam remains, thee-ward I long to
turn mine eye.
Must I now tread these dreary deserts, far, far distant
from my home?
Far from my fatherland, possessions, friends, and parents,
must I roam?
Banish'd the Forum, Race-course, Ring, debar'd the loved
Gymnasium's pale?
My wretched, wretched soul, for ever and for ever pour
thy wail.

"What form is there I have not worn?—boy, youth, man,
votress?—on the soil
Of the Gymnasium I was first,—the pride and glory of the
oil;

My gates were throng'd, my threshold warm, my home
with flowery chaplets hung,
When morning woke me, and the sun his golden radiance
o'er me flung.

"And must I serve the gods? alas! a howling slave of
Cybele!"

A Maenad! part of what I was,—a sterile, sexless devotee?
And must I ever on the snow-clad regions of green Ida
pine,

And linger on 'neath Phrygia's frowning peaks while weary
life is mine,

Where roams the woodland-nurtured stag, where prowls
the forest-ranging boar?

Oh, now I rue the deed I've done, and mourn my rashness
o'er and o'er."

On the whole, this book only strengthens our conviction that Catullus is untranslatable. His grace is inimitable, and his wickedness ought not to be imitated. However, a thoroughly powerful translation of the poems to Lesbia, if undertaken by a writer of real power, would be very welcome. Here Mr. Cranston is very deficient; here only a writer of great reproductive faculty would have any hope.

Statistics of New Zealand for 1864, including the Results of a Census of the Colony taken in December of that Year. Compiled from Official Records. (Auckland, Wilson.)

We do not propose to criticize this Blue Book, or to attempt to measure its intensity of blue. All that can be done is to make a short summary of it, culling a few facts and figures which bear a more general significance.

First of all it should be noted that the population of the colony of New Zealand is rapidly growing. The Maori population is supposed to decrease as the European population increases. But of this there are no very certain data. The excess of males over females is large, 23 per cent., which is "attributed principally to the great influx of miners to the gold-fields of the colony, very many of whom were unmarried, or had left their wives and families in other countries." Of the males, 25 per cent. are married, and of the females, 38 per cent. The next item is the number of dwelling-houses in the colony, which amounts to 37,996, including 6,742 tents; 25,463 houses were built of wood, and 1,082 of stone or brick. The occupation which has the greatest number of votaries is that of mining, and the denomination which far outnumbers the rest is the Church of England. By far the most curious part of the denominational table is the heading, "Otherwise described." After enumerating Christians simply, and Christians with some peculiarity, "no religion," "no denomination," non-sectarian, Christian Israelites, Free Thinkers, Universalists, &c., the table lumps together 272 persons who claimed seventy various descriptions.

We are glad to find the Educational Census described as "gratifying and encouraging." Of the whole population, both sexes and all ages included, 72.70 per cent. can both read and write; those who cannot read are 20.13 per cent.; and those who can read, but not write, 7.17 per cent. Immigration, of course, shows a large excess over emigration, except with regard to the Australian colonies; and both imports and exports show a slight decrease. The chief imports were fermented liquors, boots and shoes, wax candles, coals, cotton and woollen manufactures, grain, iron, machinery of various kinds, oilman's stores, provisions, brandy and rum, stationery, cattle, sugar, wine and tobacco. The chief exports, gold, gum, oil, wool, timber and potatoes. The principal source of colonial revenue is that derived from the Customs, which amounted in 1864 to 592,346*l*. Of this, spirits bring in very much the largest sum, namely, 264,230*l*., the duty per gallon ranging from 9*s*. to 12*s*. Goods by measurement form the second largest item; then comes sugar, then tobacco, and then wine.

The only remaining table from which we shall quote is the one showing the average prices of provisions and live stock in New Zealand during the year 1864. Beer cost from 6*l*. to 9*l*. 10*s*. per hogshead in the various provinces; brandy from 1*l*. 1*s*. to 1*l*. 7*s*. per gallon. Bread was 3*d*. and 4*d*. per lb.; fresh butter from 1*s*. 2*d*. to 3*s*., and salt butter from 1*s*. to 1*s*. 9*d*. per lb. Cheese was 1*s*. 6*d*., and coffee from that to 2*s*.; beef from 6*d*. to 11*d*.; mutton from 6*d*. to 11*d*., and pork from 8*d*. to 1*s*.; milk from 5*d*. to 10*d*. a quart, and wine from 13*s*. to 1*l*. 1*s*. a gallon; tobacco ranged from 4*s*. to 8*s*. 3*d*. per lb.; and tea from 2*s*. 6*d*. to 3*s*. 9*d*. An imperial bushel of wheat was 5*s*. in the cheapest province, and 13*s*. in the dearest. Flour was 2*l*. 1*s*. per 196 lb. in the first, and 3*l*. 16*s*. in the other. Fat horned cattle ranged from 8*l*. to 25*l*., horses from 10*l*. to 70*l*., and sheep from 1*l*. to 1*l*. 15*s*. These last figures will at once be more interesting to future emigrants, and will give people at home a livelier idea of the state of the colony, than those which head the Report, and which have more claim to the scientific name of statistics. But, except when something is to be proved, statistics are dry reading, and when anything is to be proved, they are often illusory. It is much that New Zealand should have advanced in material prosperity; but to us the most satisfactory token of progress is one which fails us at home, with all our activity, and that is the increasing spread of education. We are glad that any of our colonies should avoid the weak point of the mother-country.

The Dogs of the British Islands: being a Series of Articles and Letters by various Contributors, Reprinted from the Field Newspaper. Edited by "Stonehenge." (Cox.)

Into a brightly bound and well illustrated volume that will not misbehave in the drawing-room table of any lady whose interest in matters of the kennel may induce her to purchase it for the entertainment of herself and her visitors, "Stonehenge" has brought together a number of noteworthy papers on the most important specimens of the canine family. The first object of the editor and his writers is to describe minutely the formation and characteristics of the animals which, in the opinion of our best living fanciers, are the finest types of their respective kinds; so that dog-keepers may arrive at some degree of unanimity in their ideals of canine perfection, and inexperienced buyers may be at least so well informed about the points of each important breed that they will not be altogether at the mercy of dealers bent on selling comparatively worthless mongrels for prices that should be given for none but faultless examples of form and training. The value which the dog-fanciers of our posterity will assign to this authoritative and pictorial record of present taste will be foreseen by every reader of to-day who is curious about the fashions and usages of English sport in past times.

Dividing his work into four sections, Stonehenge speaks of "Dogs used with the Gun," "Companionable Dogs," "Hounds and their Allies," and "Toy Dogs"; the first of these sections noticing in succession Setters, English Pointers, Field Spaniels, Retrievers; whilst under the heading "Companionable Dogs" are grouped Terriers, Bull Terriers and Bulldogs, Mastiffs, Sheep and Drovers' dogs. To timid ladies, who have not hitherto detected in the bulldog any qualities that render him a desirable inmate of a drawing-room, it may be observed that, in calling a dog companionable, Stonehenge means no more than that the

creature is good company to those who like his society. The third section, "Hounds and their Allies," besides illustrating the distinctive features of our modern Bloodhounds, Foxhounds, Harriers, Beagles, Fox Terriers and Truffle-Dogs, contains a capital paper "On the Hounds of our Forefathers," wherein due attention is paid to the Talbot, which, like the noble house on whom it conferred a family name, or from whom it borrowed the appellation by which it is honourably known in canine annals, came into fashion with the Conqueror, and played a conspicuous part in the social life of feudal England. Of this species, familiar to readers by its frequent appearances in works of heraldic illustration, Stonehenge observes: "The bloodhound, we have no doubt, is the best modern representative of the breed, both in outline and delicacy of nose. The talbot had the same long, narrow forehead, the same deeply set solemn eyes, the same large and flabby lips, the loose throat, the thin, large leathery ears, the wide nose, the expanded nostrils, the deep bell-like voice, the lashing fine stern, the grand action, the strength and bone and muscle, now shadowed forth in the best specimens of bloodhound of the present day." The packs kept and hunted with equal enthusiasm and science by wealthy ecclesiastics of feudal England, the mere mention of whose kennels has a ring of indecorum, if not of impiety, in these days when "the cloth don't hunt," were packs of talbots; and so late as the sixteenth century the same hounds were favourites with followers of the chase. At the present date, however, the dog that is borne as a crest by Lord Shrewsbury and the Grosvenors, to say nothing of the many families who have adopted it amongst their heraldic garnitures, has altogether disappeared from the field, the kennel and the homestead. Submitting to the same fortune which has extinguished so many of the proud and gentle families with whom he consorted in closest intimacy, the talbot and his race have died out,—the influence of their blood, indeed, being still discernible in the virtues of kindred stocks, but their name being no longer found in the catalogue of living things. "Tradition," says Stonehenge, "informs us that the talbot had not died out entirely at the end of the eighteenth century; that some few were to be seen in one or more parts of Wales; and we have it authenticated that one was possessed about that time by a Mr. Havens, living at Breddon, in Leicestershire, who procured him from Staunton, a seat of Earl Ferrers. . . . Thus, if we have drawn a correct conclusion, the type of the talbot, if not the talbot itself, was familiar to some huntsmen at the beginning of this century, and there is very little doubt it might be seen in France up to the time of the Revolution."

One of Stonehenge's correspondents, signing himself Idstone, — a *nom de plume* no less fanciful than that of his editor, — institutes the following comparison of manufacturing and agricultural poachers:—

"When game is preserved in the neighbourhood of coal-mines, or in manufacturing districts, the keeper has difficulties to contend with which are not known in the agricultural counties. The miner and the skilled artisan, both of them, are able to go to a greater expense than the ploughman if they set their minds upon poaching. The rustic labourer may be able to collect a few rabbit traps or a coil of brass wire, and he possibly is an adept with these appliances; or he may have surreptitiously crossed his shepherd dog with a greyhound, and made the dog as clever as any Norfolk lurcher by companionship and a little furtive training. He may perhaps have joined with a 'gang,' and purchased a few gate nets or even a long net, or have made them in his winter's evenings; or he may occasionally

get a shot at a pheasant, having watched the bird go up to roost; or he may be up in the morning early to try an earth or two in the squire's warren the day the battue takes place at some distant covert. He has but one other means of destroying game, and that is by tracking in the snow; but the days in the year when he can do this are few and far between, and unluckily for him he leaves his own tracks behind him, and is doubly visible as he pursues this system of poaching. On the other hand, the miner or the skilled artisan (especially in Staffordshire or some parts of Yorkshire) goes into the poaching business with far greater care and at a large outlay. Frequently his long nets are made of the best silk twist, which not only holds the game far more tenaciously than twine, but has the recommendation of being exceedingly portable, and easily concealed. He carefully selects a colour as invisible as possible by night, and the tint is so scientifically chosen that a keen-eyed keeper might pass a net laid ready for the stakes, without imagining so destructive an engine was close to his hob-nailed boots. A very clever keeper—what one might call a converted poacher—in his unconverted days the terror of the Cheshire manors, has often amused me with the tricks and manoeuvres of his old lawless companions; for the most part third-rate prize-fighters or professional pedestrians hardly good enough to obtain a living by their exploits, and birdfanciers or ratcatchers plying their vocations in the neighbouring towns. I remember his telling me that on one occasion they tried various experiments, in their rough way, to ascertain the colour seen with most difficulty at night, and that one of their fraternity (a dyer's journeyman) brought several pieces of calico of different tints, to ascertain what colour the new white silk net had best be stained, and that the committee of scondrels subsequently pitched upon a sort of granite-red, nearly the colour of a rabbit; and, observed my informant, five years after, 'when I went to the Black Mount with my master to look after the rifles, I bought an old tweed coat of the second keeper that Lord Breadalbane "give" him, just that colour, and I was told that Lord Breadalbane and a lot of "doctors" had pitched on that as most difficult to see day or night among the boulders in the deer forest, and they called it "Black Mount homespun," but "the swells" called it "Lord Breadalbane's mixture."' Well, preserving game among such scientific rogues is not a very easy thing, for, my friend said, after they found the net succeed so well, they bred dogs as much that colour as they could; and if they had a white one that drove a net well, they stained him to match it as well as they knew how; and (to use his own words), 'till we was caught at last, capital sport it was; more fun than the real thing.'

The mutations of fashion with respect to canine pets, or toy-dogs, as they were aptly designated in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, deserve a word of notice. The fashionable toy-dog of the fourteenth century was the poodle, whose descendants—through more or less doubtful lineages, and after divers intermarriages of poodledom with other stocks—were washed and combed by fine ladies' poor gentlemen in Henry Fielding's London. Albert Dürer has preserved to us the likenesses of some pets of the Maltese stock, a breed that long remained in vogue, and in all probability gave us a large proportion of the hairy animals to which the novelists of George the Third's reign make frequent reference under the commonly misapplied name of "poodles." John Van Eyck's pictures show that dogs very similar to our modern Skye-terriers were favourite parlour-dogs in the fifteenth century. That Queen Elizabeth's choicest lap-dog was a beagle of the minutest breed attainable may be inferred from the fanciful assertion that she "had a pack of little 'singing beagles' so small that they could be carried in a man's glove." Charles the Second conferred his royal patronage on the tiny spaniels that were known to our ancestors long before the Restoration,

and indeed before the first arrival of the Stuarts in England. By the ladies of England they were called "comforters," a name often applied to toy-spaniels so late as the opening of the present century; but our male progenitors more usually termed them "fisting curres" or "fisting hounds." Another name for these playthings was "Melitei," a term applied to them in consideration of their imputed Maltese origin by a writer of the sixteenth century, who observes disdainfully, "These sybaritical puppies, the smaller they be (and thereto, if they have an hole in the fore parts of their heads) the better they are accepted." When the merry monarch took these little beasts into favour, and encouraged them to defile the galleries of Whitehall, to the intense disgust of courtiers with delicate noses or any sense of decency, they were re-christened King Charles's spaniels. So far as we can learn from the pictures of Vanduyke, the most minutely veracious painter of his time, the creatures thus honoured above all other dogs and most men of their time, differed from the black-and-tan and black-white-and-tan King Charleses of modern dog-breeders in being without exception liver-and-white. "We cannot," says Stonehenge, "ascertain how long ago the liver-and-white dog lost favour, and became supplanted by the black, white, and tanned spaniel. Thirty years ago this black, white and tanned dog reigned supreme!" Falling out of fashion and power together with the house of his peculiar patron, the King Charles was succeeded by the Dutch Pug, that in Hogarth's days followed at the heels of every woman known to the fashionable world of London. Before the sturdy, ear-cropped Hollander, with his smutty nose and curly tail, had firmly established himself in the boudoirs and tear-rooms of the West End, there was a brief run of fashion after Blenheim spaniels,—the feeble, faint-eyed, red-and-white first cousins of these liver-and-white King Charleses, of which old Dr. Routh, of Oxford, only a few years since could repeat the description given to him in his boyhood by a lady who when she was a little girl had herself seen the useless little brutes running at the heels of Charles the Second as he walked at double-quick pace round the Magdalen College Gardens.

Another canine species that had a brief day of fashionable favour as a lady's toy-dog, shortly after Blenheims and King Charleses had dropped out of vogue, and before the pug had attained to the fullness of his triumph, was the "turn-spit," a plucky, black-and-blue dog, with much of the terrier in his temper, shape, and style. Next to his fierceness and courage, his strongest point was his ugliness. "A bandy and generally a wall-eyed dog, with a very curly tail," he is sometimes found in the paintings of his period. The pug had a longer tenure of good fortune; but George the Third was still a young king when pugs went down in public esteem, and the star of the poodle was once again in the ascendant. A revival of the taste for Blenheims was the next event in the fluctuation of the toy-dog market; and when they once more were discarded, Dandie Dinmonts and real "Skyes" came in for their share of the smiles of that Fortune whose extreme fickleness towards her canine pets doubtless gave rise to the saying that "every dog has his day, and no dog a long one."

While it lasts the parlour dog's life is one of luxury. He eats that he may sleep, and wakes that he may eat. But repose and habitual excesses in tender "bits" and saucers of cream rapidly undermine his constitution. Fat claims him for its own; and in the train of fat come other diseases that soon reduce him to a

condition of ignominious suffering. He becomes that most odious of domestic nuisances "the beast of a dog that ought to be poisoned." The only regimen that can get the better of his maladies no ordinary mistress has the courage to put in force for his immediate anguish and ultimate gain. "At last," says Stonehenge, "the day comes when a dose of prussic acid must finish the business, or that medical practitioner must be called in who will, by a severe regimen and the canine 'Revalenta Arabica,' restore the dog's health and appetite. An ex-kennel-man in our neighbourhood made a very comfortable income by this peculiar line of practice. He divulged the secret of his system a few days before his dissolution to the estimable clergyman of the parish. 'I always tied 'em,' said this canine Abernethy, 'to a crab-tree at the end of my garden for a week, and gave 'em nothing but water. When I fetched 'em from their mistresses they refused to eat what I should have been glad to get, and when they went back they would eat what I couldn't have touched. I've had some dogs twice or even three times a year, but I always cured 'em at last. One of them was as good as three pounds a year to me. I was terrible fond of him, but he never took to me; and when he saw me coming for him to bring down his fat, he would waddle away, and howl enough to wake the dead. Dogs haven't got no gratitude.' Here, then, is another point of resemblance between dogs and their masters."

NEW NOVELS.

Christ Church Days: an Oxford Story. 2 vols. (Bentley.)

ONCE in every three or four years there appears a young man's first essay in prose fiction that, apart from whatever artistic merits it may possess, and whatever promise it may give of future literary excellence, recommends itself to readers endowed with healthy sympathies by the simplicity and earnestness with which the writer seems to be recording his own trials, errors, and righteous resolutions, in the incidents of his tale and the sentiments attributed to its characters. By no means free from the rawness of style and unevenness of power that usually mark works of this kind, 'Christ Church Days' possesses in a high degree the best of those qualities which secure for them a large measure of critical forbearance and generosity. The scenes and characters of the book are familiar to every one who has read any half-dozen of the novels written within the last thirty years to illustrate the life of our universities. Just the typical shows and personages which no veracious painter of the academic ways and manners of Oxford and Cambridge could omit to notice, they are taken from the raw material which successive fabricators of stories of college life have worked up and reproduced so frequently, that no art can now give them the interest of novelty or the charm of freshness. The author presents to us, for the hundredth time, the patrician undergraduate who is prudent in his habits of self-indulgence and secretly prepares himself for the honours of the schools and the later triumphs of the political arena, whilst his splendour and apparent idleness lure his less cautious and less affluent companions to ruin,—the jolly little gentleman-commoner, whose interviews with university-examiners do not, even under the most auspicious circumstances, rebound to his honour, and whose Fokerian good humour, fostered by the liberality of an "extremely solvent" father, inspires him to come to the relief of friends who are being hunted by duns along the road that leads "to the bad,"—the painstaking and

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virtuous Servitor, who puts his small talents out at the best interest, wins the good opinion of tutors and dons, and eventually works his way to prosperity,—the reckless and vicious undergraduate, who squanders his intellectual wealth in vain pursuits, so that when milkop and blockhead pass on to their degrees, he is found unworthy of the bachelor's robe and hood,—and the conscientious tutor, whose zeal for the interests of the young men committed to his charge is often brought into the foreground of a university novel, less as a specimen of what college tutors usually are than as an illustration of what they should be. Such are the leading characters of the story which entertains us with the show-sights and traditional stories of Oxford,—the river during the boat-races,—the Cherwell when darksome leaves rustle drowsily over secure punts,—Nuneham Park when the weather and iced wine cheer the makers of picnic,—Christchurch Cathedral whilst the full choral service is stirring the hearts of a multitudinous congregation,—the interior of the Theatre during Commemoration,—the humours of Broad Walk on the evening of Palm Sunday,—the aspect of the "Schools' Quad" just before "the men go in for examination," or just before "testamurs are given out,"—the clamorous riot of wine-parties,—the babble of gowned cliques,—and the mimic contentions of the Union. Nor does the author atone by freshness of wit for the necessary defect of a story about things that are known to every one. If the viands of his feast are chiefly remarkable for staleness, its wines are no less remarkable for flatness and want of flavour. Even charity and generous tenderness, such as are not to be looked for in a critic, can say nothing in behalf of the sense of humour which makes our author tell with glee how a freshman asked "Who wrote Milton?" and "Whether Gibbon had brought his 'Decline and Fall' down to the time of George the Third?" So also the strength of the book cannot be said to depend on its feeble stories of Charley Lester's boyish impudence to proctors. But still the book, notwithstanding its many crudities and trips, has a sound basis of goodness. So far as it goes, it is a truthful picture of Oxford life, which is more than can be said of two or three tales on the same subject that have appeared during these later years; and whilst boys and girls, with strong personal reasons for being curious about that small world that regulates its time by Christchurch Tom, will read the story with considerable excitement and satisfaction, its pages will give, to any old Oxonian who may chance to peruse them, vivid memories of time passed in pleasant places, on which he cannot reflect without emotions of affection, gratitude, and pride. Great praise is due to the author for those parts of the story that relate to Dudley's intercourse with Percival, and set forth his odious and disastrous conduct towards the Larpents. An inferior story-teller would have sacrificed Rosalind Larpent's virtue as well as her life, and by thus placing her beyond the pale of the warmest sympathy, would have added nothing to the disgust felt for her lover's miserable weakness and baseness. The consequences of Dudley's behaviour on the Larpents and on himself are finely and dramatically told, and there is no want of force in the passages that describe the young man's subsequent horror, self-abasement, and contrition; but though we forgive him, out of respect to the novel's purpose, we should part with the penitent on better terms if his recovery of self-respect, moral health, and social position had been effected by his own exertions, and not mainly by the uncalculated intervention of friends. But

had the author designed to make this fallen man achieve without human aid his redemption from social degradation, and, unsupported by his uncle's cheque-book, prove his title to the forgiveness of this world, a great addition would have been made to the difficulties of a task, of which the writer observes, "Perhaps this narrative may be accepted as a faint attempt to illustrate the vast power and illimitable nature of human repentance and divine forgiveness. It would not, perhaps, have been difficult to describe a high, noble, and impetuous nature led astray by some strong temptation, and being restored and raised. But the case of a man, stained by the cunning vulgar vices, and selfish with the stereotyped selfishness of the society in which he lives, without high aims or natural affection, or a spark of religious feeling, and living according to the most ordinary and hopeless type of worldliness, and then greatly forgiven and greatly loving, this is something infinitely more difficult and rare."

Leslie Tyrrell. By Georgiana M. Craik. 2 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

OF all the unpleasant and domineering young women whom we have ever met with, preserve us from the excellent but unapproachable Miss Leslie Tyrrell! She is a being to be looked on from a safe distance; a very porcupine of a woman, whom one dares not approach for the spikes. It cannot be denied that she is a useful sort of person in her own rough and noisy way, that she keeps her brother's house (and her brother himself, poor fellow!) in excellent order, or that she has a marvellous power of inventing "bogies" for the purpose of coercing her little niece and nephew into good behaviour. But when Frank Arnold, her brother's too simple-minded friend, is inclined to be civil to her, why should she make a point of ruffling his feathers and probing all his weak points? And when she finds that his gentlemanly mind and manners are proof against her ill nature, and that, do or say what she will, she cannot provoke him to forget their relative positions as man and woman and give her such an answer as she deserves, why should she explode into furious indignation, and upbraid him for anything or nothing, just as it may happen to suit her wayward fancy or the opportunity of the moment? If such a person as Leslie Tyrrell ever existed, she was most unworthy to meet with a devoted lover like Frank Arnold. But, it may perhaps be argued, it would be unnatural to make either the hero or the heroine of a novel perfect; each must have some defects, and the author, as the arbiter of their fate, must hold the balance between them. Such an argument is certainly not without its value in the abstract, but it does not seem to apply to a case like the present. It would be more satisfactory if the inequality lay the other way; if Frank were a little too self-willed, and Leslie a little too weak; but common sense repudiates the notion of all the strength of a house being on the female side. To make the story complete, Miss Craik should give us Frank Arnold's future history as a married man, and show us what a horrid life that terrible dragoness is about to lead him. As matters stand at present, poor Frank is the captive of a fiery Amazon, who has insulted him, frightened him, ordered him off at a moment's notice, wheedled him back, made love to him, toadied him (frightening him still, from time to time, as much as ever, for the sake of consistency), and at last compelled him, in spite of his sounder convictions, to offer to marry her. Leslie is very sweet, of course, in the last chapter; but how will she behave after the honeymoon is over? How will Frank bear those taunts which

he can now escape by rushing off to his chambers at Gray's Inn, and writing articles for the *Quarterly* or *Edinburgh*? Can any one suppose that the treacherous calm of misplaced "spooniness" will last? No. Miss Craik has done her work too well for that. She has done it better, perhaps, than she herself imagines. She has depicted a hasty, unjust, and violent woman on the one hand, a perfectly amiable and unusually easy-going man on the other; and the portraits are drawn with a clearness of outline which leaves no loophole for doubt. Frank Arnold is not the man to marry a woman who cries "Lord help you, Mr. Arnold!" when he does not happen to know the name of a flower. That such unequal matches do sometimes take place we would not indeed venture to deny; for otherwise where should we get our Mr. Caudles and Mr. Naggletons? But the life of a Naggleton or a Caudle is not the sunny plain in which the pets of fiction are supposed to rest their weary limbs after wandering in the gloomy mazes of doubt and discouragement.

The Old Gateway; or, the Story of Agatha. By Emma Marshall. (Seeley, Jackson & Halliday.)

"WHAT a bore it is when people talk for the sake of hearing their own chatter" is the kind observation of the very good but somewhat cynical Mr. Bruce when a country doctor has good-naturedly stayed to chat for a few minutes after inspecting an interesting invalid. This Mr. Bruce is the hero of the tale; and, to the credit of the author, it is rather insinuated than obtruded that he is a man of very pious feelings, who has cast off the world and its vanities. Mrs. Marshall has too much good taste, and, we should imagine, too much genuine reverence, to introduce characters who are constantly preaching in private life, or who continually interlard their ordinary conversation with sacred texts. Moreover, she has at command a lively power of description and a purity of style which must render her book readable even to those who do not acquiesce in all the conclusions to which she would seem to point. The Hon. Miss Battiscombe's haughty reserve in general society is well touched, and skilfully contrasted with the same lady's easy abandon of manner when talking to those whom she deems to be members of her own refined circle. But, as the book proclaims itself "the story of Agatha," we cannot help remarking that the charming little heroine might reasonably have been allowed a little more fair play. We find her, at first, to be a cheerful and happy girl, full of animal spirits, and rich in all the gifts of heart and intellect. After a dreary interval of disappointments and small miseries, however, there is little left of the original character; and Agatha seeks refuge in religion from a world which seems to offer her nothing pleasant or profitable. Does not it ever strike well-meaning and conscientious writers like Mrs. Marshall that they pay rather a poor compliment to religion when they represent that conversion is effected in such a manner as this? If the poor weary-spirited Agatha had been a Roman Catholic, no doubt she would have retired peacefully to a cloister. Here, however, we have the Protestant view of the matter. Instead of becoming the bride of the Church, she becomes the wife of a man twice her age, for whom she never discovered any affection till she learned that the only man she ever loved had been wedded to another. It is edifying, no doubt, to find that Agatha takes no pleasure in her first ball; but it is by no means surprising, since we find that no one pays her much attention, and that her beloved cousin Eustace is waltzing and flirting with other

young ladies throughout the greater part of the evening. A first ball, under such circumstances, would be a dreary affair to most young ladies. To be sure, Agatha dances nothing but quadrilles; but this, in fact, is part of the mistake. If she could enter into innocent amusements like other people, her sphere of thought and feeling would be more enlarged; she would soon be surrounded by a host of eligible admirers, and Roland Bruce, her sincere but somewhat patriarchal adorer, would not, we would venture to say, be the fortunate individual who should console her for the inconsistency of the selfish Eustace.

Parkin Jeffcock, Civil and Mining Engineer. A Memoir. By his Brother, John Thomas Jeffcock. (Bembridge & Lothian.)

WHEN it was rumoured that the directors of a life insurance company had decided not to pay the sum for which the life of the late Mr. Parkin Jeffcock was insured in their office, on the ground that he had not met his death in the ordinary and stipulated discharge of duty to his employers, but in the voluntary discharge of christian duty to wretches for whom he was under no commercial obligation to risk his life, public opinion expressed, in unequivocal terms, its disapprobation of the men of business who, at a time when the heart of the country was still profoundly stirred by an appalling catastrophe, that had an act of splendid heroism for its central point of interest, could preserve themselves from the infection of the universal enthusiasm, and coolly take up a legal position for the defence of their pockets. That the course taken by the directors was indefensible we do not venture to insinuate. According to their statement of the facts, they appear to have had law on their side; and it is the duty of directors to put the welfare of their constituents above every other consideration, and to secure for them every advantage attainable under the law. But whether they were technically right, or, as this volume seems to testify, technically as well as sentimentally in the wrong,—public opinion may be applauded for the judgment which it delivered under the influence of admiration of the man who, with noble disregard for his own personal safety, descended into the burning mine, from which his body has not been yet recovered.

To men who perish as the viewer of the Oaks Colliery perished no honour can well be excessive; but it does not follow, because a man has died grandly, that his life is suitable for the ends of biography, or that a literary memoir is the best instrument to keep his heroism in the recollection of men. Respect for Mr. Jeffcock's memory, sympathy for the anguish of his bereaved family, and willingness to contribute towards the religious undertaking to which the profits accruing from this publication are devoted, do not liberate us from our obligation to judge the present memoir as a contribution to literature. As a mere mortuary device, we have nothing to say against the book; but regarded as a piece of biography—and our functions do not permit us to regard it as anything else—it is a mistake, for which the author's fraternal affections are the only admissible palliation. Apart from the facts with which the newspapers have made us familiar, it tells us nothing of the slightest moment concerning Mr. Parkin Jeffcock, who, notwithstanding his respectability and goodness, seems to have been a very unentertaining person—in fact, about the last person in the world who ought to have been raised to a biographical pedestal. It certifies that he was born of respectable parents,—that he went to school, and was

dull at Greek,—that, on relinquishing his intention to study at Oxford, he was apprenticed to a viewer of mines,—that as a youngster he was very fond of dancing, and, though never given to dissipation, would stay out late at Christmas parties,—that in due course, after serving his time of apprenticeship, he joined in business a mining engineer of long-established success—that, like very many right-minded men in the middle and superior classes of society, he was an habitual teacher in Sunday schools,—that he was also a liberal supporter of a home for penitent females,—that when he regarded himself as being on the eve of marriage, he became the occupant of a house, and that, when his matrimonial engagement terminated without marriage, he gave up his house, and went into the lodgings which he occupied up to the time of his death. These are the most important facts that can be gleaned from a memoir which gives undue prominence to a career that, notwithstanding its tragic close, may be described as singularly uneventful. In this country it is not uncommon for men to be industrious, conscientious, and devout; and it appears from the evidence of his affectionate brother that Mr. Parkin Jeffcock was nothing more than a sober, discreet, religious, and thoroughly commonplace young man. Was it worth the author's while to write a book to such small purpose? That the fund has been raised for the proposed Parkin Jeffcock Memorial Church, we shall hear with pleasure; but even for the sake of so laudable an object as the contemplated church we do not feel ourselves at liberty to praise a bad book.

Our Soldiers and the Victoria Cross. A General Account of the Regiments and Men of the British Army: and Stories of the Brave Deeds which won the Prize "For Valour." Edited by S. O. Becton. With Illustrations. (Ward, Lock & Tyler.)

THE majority of the different chapters which make up this book first appeared in the *Boy's Own Magazine*, and in a collected form still bear evidence of magazine-writing in that they are somewhat sketchy and unconnected. We might complain, also, that "Our Soldiers" are scarcely adequately represented by accounts of "the Guards," "the Engineers," "the Royal Welsh Fusiliers," and "our Highland regiments"; nor are the instances of valour which have been rewarded by the Victoria Cross either very judiciously selected, or—in most cases—depicted in a sufficiently striking manner. Still, the book is not without merit, and affords healthy reading for those to whom it is more especially addressed.

In a work dealing with so many events, extending also over a vast period of time, we should not be surprised to meet with here and there a few inaccuracies on minor points; but when we find the crowning moment of the battle of Vittoria described in the words we subjoin, we are justified in blaming the author for writing history in so loose a manner. The passage we complain of is the following: "The French fought resolutely till Picton gave the word to charge, when our men bore down all opposition before them, and spread death and consternation through the ranks of the enemy, who fled with such precipitancy that they left all their artillery and baggage behind." Such an offence is the more serious because occurring in a work intended for boys, who are by nature trustful and apt to believe implicitly all that is written in a book. Two pages further on, at page 47, we meet with an instance of carelessness in the correction of proofs for which there is no excuse, as the chapter had already

appeared in a magazine. Speaking of the contest between Soult and Wellington in the Pyrenees, the author tells us that "after the two battles of *Lauroren*, the tide of success turned against Soult, who was almost taken prisoner at St. Estenan." A boy reader would probably be ignorant of the fact that *Sauroren*, and St. Estevan are here meant.

Of the thirty chapters in the book before us no less than six are devoted exclusively to our Highland regiments, and constitute, perhaps, the most interesting portion of the book. The author does full justice to the chivalrous courage and excellent conduct of the Highlanders; indeed, from his zeal in their behalf, we should imagine that he himself came from the "north country." As a proof of the combined courage and prowess of the Gael, the following instances among many others are given:—

"From an old pamphlet, published in 1745, we learn that a Highlander of the 42nd regiment killed nine Frenchmen with his broadsword at Fontenoy, and would probably have added to the number of the slain if he had not lost his arm. In a skirmish with the Americans in 1776, Major Murray, of the same regiment, being separated from his men, was attacked by three of the enemy. His dirk had slipped behind his back, and, being very corpulent, he could not reach it: he defended himself as well as he could with his fusil, and, watching his opportunity, seized the sword of one of his assailants, and put the three to flight. It was natural that he should ever retain that sword as a trophy of victory. In another skirmish during the same war, a young recruit belonging to Fraser's Highlanders slew seven of the enemy with his own hand. At the close of the engagement his bayonet, once perfectly straight, was twisted like a corkscrew. At the affair of Castlebar, in Ireland, when men of other regiments retreated, a Highland sentinel refused to leave his post without orders. It was in vain that they tried to persuade him to retire—he stood there alone against a host. Five times he loaded and fired; a Frenchman fell at every shot. Before he could put his musket to his shoulder a sixth time the enemy were upon him, and many a bayonet passed through his body. The power of discipline could scarcely carry a man farther than this."

Nor was the good conduct of the Highlanders inferior to their gallantry. Intense self-respect, great *esprit de corps*, strong religious feeling, and unbounded devotion to their officers saved them from the crimes which in those days frequently disgraced the profession of arms. So long as the Highland regiments were kept free from any foreign admixture, they behaved admirably; but as soon as drafts from other regiments were introduced, discipline immediately began to fail:—

"For the lengthened period of forty years there were few courts-martial and no cases of flogging in the 42nd regiment. The value of this fact will be appreciated by all who are familiar with the statistics of punishment in the British army during the prevalence of war. It was only when a foreign element was introduced in the shape of a draft from another regiment that crime and its consequences became more frequent. The old soldiers refused to associate with those who had been brought to the halberds; they looked upon the latter as disgraced, whereas at the present day a soldier suffers nothing in the estimation of his comrades, though he may have been guilty of almost every crime. Would that one could revive that high moral tone among our soldiers which led the 42nd Highlanders to raise money sufficient to purchase the discharge of those ruffians whom they esteemed to be a disgrace to the regiment."

Nor were the Sutherland Highlanders behind their comrades of the Black Watch in the matter of conduct:—

"We have already alluded to the excellent character of the 93rd Highlanders, who enjoyed the same immunity from punishment as the 78th.

While other through the Sutherland and present Punishment infantry co on account reference t ten year or any other ment still been hand for good a pride of al spending debaucher sports wh among oth is better leaping, exercises than to w they have exemplary fidence of cured for the major

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While other regiments became partially demoralized through the admixture of improper characters, the Sutherland Highlanders remained uncontaminated, and preserved a uniform line of good conduct. Punishment is usually more frequent in the light infantry companies, because the men are selected on account of their physical appearance without reference to moral character. For a period of nineteen years no case of punishment occurred in this or any other company of the 93rd, and this regiment still retains that *esprit de corps* which has been handed down in the ranks, and is as powerful for good as the inheritance of a noble name or the pride of ancestry. The Sutherland men, instead of spending their leisure hours in drunkenness and debauchery, have devoted them to those athletic sports which muscular Christianity has revived among other classes. Every one will admit that it is better to brace the physical frame by running, leaping, dancing, and tossing the kaber (manly exercises in which the 93rd are still proficient), than to weaken it by vicious indulgence. Wherever they have been stationed, at home or abroad, their exemplary conduct has earned for them the confidence of those among whom they lived, and procured for them admission into circles from which the majority of soldiers are excluded."

It may easily be imagined that the pipers occupy a conspicuous position in the chapters devoted to 'Our Highland Regiments,' and several examples are given of the gallantry of these men, and the influence their warlike strains have exercised on the day of battle. One of these especially deserves to be quoted:—

"At the storming of Ciudad Rodrigo, which was captured on the 6th of April, 1812, after a desperate resistance on the part of the French, Lieut. Alexander Grant, of the 74th Highlanders, leading the advance, was the first to enter the castle, but fell in the moment of victory. John McLauchlan, the regimental piper, particularly distinguished himself on this occasion. He was the foremost in the escalade, and on mounting the castle wall began to play the regimental quick step, 'The Campbells are coming.' Animating his comrades by the lively strains of this favourite air, he marched along the ramparts at the head of the advance with as much coolness as if he had been on the parade-ground. A shot from the enemy pierced the bag of his instrument, and stopped his music for a time; but John realized the importance of the occasion, and proved himself equal to it. If the music ceased, the courage of his comrades might flag, and the victory, already half won, might be lost: it should never be said that he failed in his duty; so he quietly seated himself on a gun-carriage, and, amid a hurricane of shot and shell, began to repair his instrument, which was speedily done. In a few minutes 'The Campbells are coming' was heard again, amid the roar of battle, and John had the satisfaction of witnessing the surrender of the fortress."

This anecdote might well be matched by one relating to the recently deceased Pipe-Major John McLeod, of the 93rd Sutherland Highlanders, who at the relief of Lucknow, during the capture of the Shah Nujeeb, marched up and down the walls playing 'The Campbells are coming,' which tune was suggested to him by the sight of Sir Colin Campbell, who was at that moment approaching. Again, at the capture of Lucknow, when the Begum Bagh was stormed, Pipe-Major McLeod got over the ditch among the first, and walking coolly up and down by the side of the breach, notwithstanding that he was exposed to a most murderous fire, stimulated the men to deeds of valour by playing the same inspiring air. At the Secunder Bagh two other pipers of the same regiment, Edward McDonald and Henry McKay, displayed similar coolness and intrepidity. These recent instances show that the author is wrong in hinting that the pipers have degenerated. We can assure him, from personal knowledge, that they are still almost invariably of pure Highland breed, and that, with few exceptions, they have been

trained to the pipes from their youth. Equally incorrect is the assertion that our Highland regiments are now Highland in little more than name. In one of our most distinguished kilted regiments, at the end of last year 698 out of 829 men were Scotch, and of the balance of 131 a large number were either men of Scotch descent from the north of Ireland, or Englishmen who had passed a great portion of their lives in Scotland. Of the 698 Scotchmen, the majority were Highlanders to many of whom English was a foreign language.

A chapter is also given to the Guards; and in it we regret to find several mistakes. It was her present Majesty, not William the Fourth, who restored the pipers to the Scots Fusilier Guards. Again, as to the origin of that regiment, we are told by the present author that it is probable that the Scots Guards—the present Scots Fusilier Guards—were raised in 1661. Now, we have good reason for thinking that the Scots Guards were raised previous to the battle of Dunbar, in 1650. We believe that there was such a corps at that action, and it is certain that at Worcester, the following year, a regiment bearing the name of Scots Guards, and having the same colours and organization as the present Scots Fusilier Guards, was cut to pieces and almost annihilated. Nor is the author quite accurate in his account of the exploit for which Lieut.-Col. Lloyd Lindsay, late of the Scots Fusilier Guards, gained the Victoria Cross at Alma. Neither of the officers who bore the colours was wounded; and Lieut. Thistlethwayte, who shared the honour of the day with Lieut. Lindsay, died not of his wounds, but of fever in the hospital of Scutari.

The chapter devoted to the Royal Engineers is very interesting; but we only pause for an instant over it to notice one amusing anecdote connected with it. We are told that the Royal Engineers took their origin from the Royal Military Artificers, a company of which corps was sent to assist the Turkish troops in their operations against Napoleon at the close of the last century:—

"A Turk having attempted to stab one of the men, was sentenced by the Turkish governor to death; this punishment, at the earnest entreaty of the commanding officer, was mitigated, the culprit being sentenced to receive fifty strokes of the bastinado, to be imprisoned twenty years, and to learn the Arabic language."

Among other matters connected with the Victoria Cross, the author discusses with great fairness the circumstances under which the present Sir Henry Havelock gained that distinction. That Sir Henry has always proved himself a man of great intrepidity is undoubted; but from a careful consideration of the act for which his father recommended him for the coveted distinction, we have come to the conclusion that the Cross was on that occasion improperly bestowed. On the 16th of July, 1857, Sir Henry Havelock gave battle to the rebels near Cawnpore. In the course of the action it became necessary to silence a gun, and the 64th regiment was desired to take it. The regiment at once advanced, without any hesitation, headed by their commanding officer, Major Sterling, who was on foot, his horse having been previously disabled. Young Havelock, then serving on the staff, carried away by his courage, placed himself at the head of the regiment, and led it to the charge. For this he was recommended for the decoration by his father, who unfortunately, to say the least of it, mentioned that Lieut. Havelock was mounted while Major Sterling was on foot, without mentioning the cause. Thus young Havelock gained the Victoria Cross for a presumptuous act, which rather merited punishment than reward; for the officers of

the 64th were quite capable of leading their men, if leading had been required, without a staff officer's assistance.

Pope Alexander the Seventh, and the College of Cardinals. By John Bargrave, D.D. (Canon of Canterbury, 1662–1680): with a Catalogue of Dr. Bargrave's Museum. Edited by J. C. Robertson, M.A., Canon of Canterbury. (Camden Society.)

John Bargrave, the desultory writer of the two slender works which form this volume, was the younger son of John Bargrave the elder, who built the mansion of Biron, at Patric-bourne, near Canterbury. He was born apparently in 1610, and received his education at Cambridge, where he became a Fellow of Peterhouse, his own college, in due course. From this preferment he was ejected by the Parliamentarians in 1643, and the next seventeen years of his life were mostly spent abroad. During this period he four times visited Rome and Naples; each time, he says, making Mount Vesuvius his "poyn of reflection," from which he "faced about for England" on his return. It was on his first visit, probably, that he fell in with Evelyn, the diarist, who mentions him, a quarter of a century afterwards, as "my old fellow-traveller in Italy"; and he was a witness of Massaniello's insurrection at Naples in July, 1647. 1659–60 was the date of his last visit to Rome. From several entries in the present volume we learn that, for the various purposes of seeing the sights, picking up prints and curiosities, or studying men and manners, he paid visits during his seventeen years' travel to Utrecht, Paris, Rochelle, Saumur, Toulouse, Lyons, Nuremberg, Augsburg, Vienna, Innspruck, and Prague.

Rendered doubly Royalist by conviction and by persecution, the Restoration in 1660 at once brought him home, and in August that year he recovered his Fellowship at Cambridge. In the following November he was nominated by royal mandate for the degree of D.D.; at which time he seems to have been a deacon only, as he received priest's orders from Sanderson, Bishop of Lincoln, in December of that year. Preferments now, as if to make up for lost time, fell thick upon him. In the summer of 1661 Archbishop Juxon presented him to one of the six preacherships in Canterbury Cathedral; in September of that year to the rectory of Harbledown; and to that of Pluckley in July, 1662. In September in the latter year he attained his highest preferment, the fifth prebendal stall in that Cathedral.

Hardly a moment after his institution as prebendary, we find him entering upon a more busy scene. A petition had been lately presented to the Crown in the name of no fewer than 300 British subjects, who were in captivity at Algiers, entreating that efficient means might be taken for their redemption. A fund of 10,000*l.* (the days of Blake were unhappily past) was speedily collected, apparently from the bishops and clergy only, and with this "hierarchical and cathedral money," as Bargrave himself styles it, he and John Sellick, Archdeacon of Bath, were commissioned to start for Algiers on the work of liberation. He appears to have left England immediately after his institution, and in the January following he was on his voyage home, his mission of mercy having been crowned with success.

The books which Bargrave employed as his sources of information about the then and recent popes and cardinals are of a description that we should be inclined to call libellous at the present day; vehicles, in fact, of the gossip and scandal then current at Geneva, and

circulating among the bitterest enemies of the Romish Church. Where one cardinal is mentioned as a man of good and moral life, five cardinals are described either as remarkable for ignorance, stolidity, or unscrupulous ambition, or as degraded by vices of various hues; occasionally, too, an additional tint has been added to the description, as the result of Bargegrave's own experiences in travel and personal observation. As pictures of men once eminent, but now lost to memory for the most part, his excerpts and descriptions are curious and amusing; but from the evident untrustworthiness of his sources of information, and his own comparatively limited powers of observation, it is pretty clear that the whole of these statements about Fabio Chigi (Pope Alexander the Seventh) and his cardinals must be taken *cum grano* from beginning to end.

We add two or three extracts by way of sample; the following on the alleged duplicity of Pope Alexander on his accession:—

"In the first months of his elevation to the papedom, he had so taken upon him the profession of an evangelical life, that he was wont to season his meat with ashes, to sleep upon a hard couch, to hate riches, glory, and pomp, taking a great pleasure to give audience to ambassadors in a chamber full of dead men's skulls, and in the sight of his coffin, which stood there to put him in mind of his death. But so soon as he had called his relations about him, he changed his nature. Instead of humility succeeded vanity; his mortification vanished, his hard couch was turned into a soft feather-bed, his dead men's skulls into jewels, and his thoughts of death into ambition,—filling his empty coffin with money, as if he would corrupt death, and purchase life with riches."

Bargegrave met with an old college friend at Rome, the poet Crashaw, who, like him, had recently experienced the tender mercies of the Parliamentarians:—

"When I went first of my four times to Rome, there were then four revolvers to the Roman Church that had been fellows of Peterhouse in Cambridge with myself. The name of one of them was Mr. R. Crashaw, who was of the *Seguita* (as the term is; that is, an attendant or one of the followers) of this Cardinal (Palotto), for which he had a salary of crowns by the month, but no diet. Mr. Crashaw infinitely commended this Cardinal, but complained extremely of the wickedness of those of his retinue, of which he, having the Cardinal's ear, complained to him. Upon which the Italians so far fell out with him, that the Cardinal, to secure his life, was fain to put him from his service, and procure him some small employ at the Lady's of Loretto, whither he went in pilgrimage in summer time, and overheating himself, died in four weeks after he came thither (A.D. 1650), and it was doubtful whether he were not poisoned."

The following bears reference to Cardinal Francisco Maldacchini, nephew to the unscrupulous Donna Olympia, sister-in-law of Innocent the Tenth:—

"I, that am now a-writing, was, 1647, at Rome, when this Cardinal was promoted, and I protest he was then, before he had a beard, much more like a monkey or babboone than like a man; so that at St. (blank) holiday, he coming into Santo Carlo's church, in the Curso at Rome, all the women could not hold, but burst out a-laughing at the very sight of him, and he, on the other side, could not hold, but burst out a-laughing aloud too. Amongst many passages of his simplicity daily spoken of, I shall mention but two."

The one of these "passages" is the old story, with a new face, of a man found poring over a volume turned upside down, and asking the objector whether he may not "read which way he pleases." For the other, which is comical and far enough to have made good capital for Boccaccio or La Fontaine, we must refer our readers to Canon Robertson's amusing volume.

Black's Guide to Norway. Edited by the Rev. John Bowden, late British Chaplain at Christiania. (Black.)

Norway; its People, Products, and Institutions. By the Rev. John Bowden. (Chapman & Hall.)

TOURISTS packing their knapsacks for a run to Norway cannot do better than provide themselves with Mr. Bowden's opportune publications—a new edition of Black's Guide to Norway, and a brisk, chatty volume about the homes, manners, costumes, characteristics, institutions, and folk-lore of the Norwegian people. The former, read in conjunction with 'Bennett's Handbook,'—which Mr. Bowden recommends to excursionists as a publication that gives, in a small compass, "all the necessary information about routes, payments for hire of horses, boats, &c.,"—will instruct the adventurer newly arrived at Christiania whither and how to shape his course to the best scenery and the best fishing. The latter will make him feel at home with the natives as soon as he comes in contact with them, and, even though he may have neither time nor means to enter the private society of the towns, will give him a pleasant sense of personal familiarity with their more prosperous and educated residents, from intercourse with whom the time-bound and uninitiated stranger is necessarily, to a great degree, excluded. As British Consular Chaplain at the Norwegian capital, Mr. Bowden enjoyed excellent opportunities for studying the humours and tastes of the townspeople, of whose kindness and hospitality he speaks with suitable gratitude, although honesty compels him to say that they "appear to appreciate the blessings of home without having the instinct to create them for themselves." If the writer betrayed any but the kindest feelings for the people whose social peculiarities he describes with equal force and minuteness, we should receive some of his statements as playfully malicious exaggerations of the truth; but his manifest desire to render justice to a nation of which he entertains, upon the whole, a very favourable opinion will decide most readers to accept, without deduction or reserve, his amusing testimony concerning the rusticity and absence of refinement that mark the etiquette, tone, and arrangements of the best circles of Norwegian society. From Carl the Fifteenth, "unquestionably the most handsome sovereign in Europe,"—who has been known at a State ball to clap a superior officer of police on the back, and exclaim, "Come now, M—, why don't you dance? Keep the company alive, there's a good fellow,"—to the rich linen-draper of Christiania, who at a large public ball, which was attended by all the notabilities of the capital, won unqualified applause by "ordering, in a sudden fit of generosity, champagne for every lady present," the gentlemen of Norway are more remarkable for awkward shyness, and still more awkward joviality, than for the dignity and refinement which are seldom conspicuous by total absence in the leading personages or fairly successful inhabitants of most European cities. "There is much hospitality," Mr. Bowden observes, "but not a great deal of refinement, in Norwegian society. . . . It is not considered a breach of good manners to put one's knife into one's mouth, and you may afterwards help yourself to salt with it, for salt-spoons are of very rare occurrence." We are less shocked by Mr. Bowden's assertion that the Norwegian diner-out in the very best society is required to eat his fish with a knife, and take his lumps of sugar from the sugar-basin with his fingers; for it has, ere now, been our fortune to eat a salmon cutlet with a knife specially manu-

factured for the demolition of cooked fish; and in our old Oxford days it was the universal fashion of the University to take its clipped sugar without the aid of silver tongs. Mr. Bowden has more of our sympathies in his favour when, with a candour that will doubtless be very gratifying to his Norwegian entertainers, he observes of his recent hosts and hostesses,—"The people of this country are hospitable to a fault, but completely spoil their natural kindness of disposition by an inability to show it. They are grave and solemn at their entertainments, so far as outward appearance goes, although, in reality, anxious to see others enjoy themselves; while, at the same time, nothing pleases a Norwegian host so much as to see his guests eat and drink beyond moderation." Whether in these last particulars the author proved himself a complaisant guest, he omits to say.

Having said, perhaps, rather too much about the inconveniences of their stand-up dinners, the badness of their feminine toilets, and the inferiority of their capital as a seat of fashion and taste to Paris or London, Mr. Bowden turns his attention to matters in which the Norwegians are so fortunate as to win a larger measure of his approval. Concerning their popular education, prison discipline, and comparative freedom from the worst kinds of crime, he gives some strong and gratifying testimony. On minor matters he is no less communicative. Thus, of the profession of medicine he observes, "All medical men in Norway are paid once a year by their patients, according to an understood tariff. The medical man attends the whole household, servants included, for a certain sum, generally a very moderate one, and receives the same, neither more nor less, whether there is much sickness in the house or not. If any unusual epidemic should prevail in a family, it is customary to give the doctor some small remuneration as a sort of New Year's gift; but this is quite optional. This system is an excellent one, and might be introduced with advantage into England." Mr. Bowden will doubtless learn with surprise that the system which he thus recommends has not only been introduced into this country, but is very often employed for the remuneration of general practitioners of surgery and medicine. The doctors of Middle-Class Collegiate Institutions, and certain kinds of co-operative societies, are very generally paid in this manner. Concerning Professors of the English language in Christiania and their remuneration the author also gives some amusing particulars in the chapter where he renders a just tribute of admiration to "a certain Englishman of a practical turn of mind," who, having established himself as a teacher of his mother-tongue in the Norwegian capital, soon attracted a crowd of scholars by announcing "that in the course of his class-lessons, which would be given in the evening, a glass of brandy punch would be given to each pupil." This attempt to lure men to the temple of knowledge reminds us of the course pursued by a popular "coach for pass-men" at Oxford, whose expositions of logic and Greek play were rendered acceptable to such undergraduates as would be likely to require the services of such an instructor by the box of cigars which always stood on his lecture-room table, for the comfort and support of his young friends. But less fortunate than the Oxonian whose cigars lightened the difficulties of classic study to youths more familiar with the events of Epsom and Ascot than with the arrangements of the Isthmian games, this professional dispenser of brandy punch lost his success almost as soon as he had achieved it. "The bait was eagerly swallowed," records Mr. Bowden, "and the

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Englishman had soon more pupils than he could attend to. Before long, however, the hotel-keepers in the town got scent of this particular kind of literary dodge, and made a formal complaint before the police authorities that Mr. So-and-So was injuring their legitimate trade, and selling spirits without a licence. This put an effectual stop to the English lessons." The author adds, "If an English teacher wishes to obtain pupils in Norway, he must get up a considerable number of droll jokes and anecdotes. The people of this country really appear to think that England is the land of wit and repartee. It is true they are not very particular as to the date or freshness of English jokes, for they may be as ancient and rusty as you please, provided you season them with numerous nods and winks and horse laughs. Dry wit is not appreciated here." Now and then Mr. Bowden, smart fellow and unsparing informer against the charlatans of his vocation though he is, tells a Norwegian story that seems to have been imported into Norway from this country by the process which he exposes with ridicule. For instance, he reproduces as a specimen of Norwegian pleasantry the old Munchausen about the clergyman whose sermon on being preached in mid-winter was inaudible because the words were frozen into silence as soon as they left his lips, but on the approach of spring were dissolved by the warmer temperature into a very powerful stream of pulpit eloquence.

Here are some better stories about the denizens of Hallingdal, the peasantry of which charming valley are noted for fondness of dancing, and are so nimble of foot, that "when they dance they pirouette and caper so high that they touch the ceiling with one foot."

"A story is told of a Hallingdal man, who entered a church during the performance of Divine service. Walking up the aisle of the church, he stood a moment in front of the communion table, and then, turning a somersault, he sprang over the communion rails and alighted on the table. The officiating clergyman, who was renowned for his great strength, seized the offender by the neck, and hurled him back again among the people, where he remained for some time insensible. Now, the Norwegians are very fond of witnessing feats of strength, and the clergyman in question was ever afterwards much esteemed. We once witnessed a remarkable feat performed by a soldier, a Hallingdal man, in the garrison at Christiania. A brother soldier held up his cap as high in the air as he could, and the Hallingdal man, taking a sudden leap, knocked the cap out of the hand of the other with his right foot. The men of Hallingdal are said to have a strange and barbarous custom when in drink. Being well primed with finkel, they draw their short knives, and pointing them to each other, they inquire in an amicable way, 'How far will you go?' A certain portion of each knife is then measured off on each side, and the remainder of the blades are carefully bound round with cloth, so that the knives cannot penetrate beyond a certain distance. All present then set to work and stab and slash each other in all directions. Sometimes these encounters end fatally, but a little blood-letting does none of the parties any harm. It may be asked if these strange combats arise from a natural taste for shedding blood. It is said not to be so, but that the custom has been handed down from father to son for many generations, and that any Hallingdal man who refused to fight when challenged would be branded as a coward."

—We would rather drink tea than wine with the good people of Hallingdal.

There is humour of a familiar kind in the following anecdote, which bears a suspiciously strong resemblance to three or four stories with which every English child is familiar:—

"Two English travellers were making an excursion through Norwegian Lapland, accompanied by a Lapp guide: it was summer time, and the day

was extremely hot and oppressive; so, having to make their way over some high mountains, they sat down on a good-sized stone to rest. The Lapp guide stood at a respectful distance, but being inquisitive, as his people generally are, he kept his eyes fixed on the Englishmen to observe what they were doing. One of the travellers happened to wear a wig, and wishing to cool his head he removed it, as well as his hat. On seeing this, to him, extraordinary proceeding, the Lapp stood for a moment spell-bound—he had never seen such a thing as a wig before. He then beat his hands on his breast, gave a most unearthly howl, and subsided into silence. He made no remark, and the travellers proceeded on their way; but the Lapp could not be persuaded, on any account, to go near the Englishman who wore a wig."

If he would only migrate to Lapland, Mr. Briefless might make a fine position for himself by means of his horsehair wig.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

A Week in a French Country House. By Adelaide Sartoris. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

"Murder will out." Genius will express itself. Fire, if the chimney be stopped, will escape by door or window, or, failing this, do mischief. Since the days "when (English) Music, heavenly maid, was young," we have had only one great dramatic female singer, and she was the last of the great Kemble race who has appeared on the stage. That she was unequal, given to over-emphasis, not to say exaggeration, is true; but we are satisfied that these defects would have disappeared under a longer intercourse with the public, and cannot too gratefully commemorate the passion, the intelligence, the vocal perfection,—in brief, the consummate art displayed in every one of her too few personations. For one so gifted as herself, who has tasted for ever so short a time the sweets of fame, there is no possibility of final retirement. It will be no surprise to any one that, like her sister, she has broken out into authorship, though after a long interval of disappearance from the public gaze. A more racy and original outbreak than this is not within the compass of our critical experience. There is character enough displayed, there is incident enough, "expressed or understood," in this thin volume to set up a score of the pursy and inflated novels of the 'Lady Audley' school. An English teacher of music, after a long illness, is invited to pass a week in a French country-house, inhabited by a widow lady, to whom her mother had been governess,—that is all. Bessie Hope's visit, as our readers already know, lasted but for seven days. The visitor found a party assembled, the character of every one of its members being so distinctly traced that they stand before us as living people. Perhaps it may be objected that—the authoress and the foolish, vulgar English titled woman and her stale daughter excepted—the characters are too strongly marked. Such a nosedog of originals, perhaps, was never bound up in a country-house within the small space of seven days. One of them, M. Désaix, the shivering, eccentric musician, with his selfish, cowardly ways, his affectionate heart, his hatred of soap and water, and his genius, may be considered by the generality of readers as "out of drawing." We can warrant it as a portrait from life. Whether it be fair to thus serve up the living is a matter for Mrs. Sartoris to settle with her conscience. How distinct again are the figures of the hostess, Madame de Caradee, and of the *blasé* man, M. de Salades, whom, however, we cannot bring ourselves to hate utterly. Then the sketch, in the background, of the little, wizened, self-denying, kind-hearted Sister of Charity would of itself assure any "expert" that the hand which traced it was the hand of a real artist. A hunting-scene (how different from hunting-scenes in England!) is touched with great vigour and spirit and richness of colour. Have we not said enough in recommendation of this book to all who believe in us?

A Series of Sketches from Nature of Plant Form.

By F. E. Hulme. (Day & Son, Limited.)

Mr. F. E. Hulme aims to illustrate the beauty of natural forms in the order to which the title of his book refers. The text is sketchy, but cleverly

written; the illustrations are chosen with much taste and judgment, and were, no doubt, originally drawn from Nature with considerable care; yet this care has not, it appears to us, been supported in the reproduction on stone of the originals. This pamphlet appears to be the first of a series.

Calendar of the Carew Manuscripts, preserved in the Archbishop's Library at Lambeth. 1515-74.

Edited by J. S. Brewer and W. Bullen. (Longmans & Co.)

NEARLY threescore years of the history of Ireland are to be found in the papers, preserved at Lambeth, written or collected by the faithful servant of Henry and of Elizabeth. The Calendar of them alone extends to upwards of five hundred pages, and some of the abstracts will be found as full of importance, interest, or amusement as the originals themselves. There is ample illustration here, not only of political, but of religious and social life; of manners, morals, customs, dress and pastimes. The whole is preceded by a lucid and popularly-written introduction, which is a valuable work in itself. Irish character cannot be more copiously illustrated than it is here, especially that of men who pretend to be for the same cause, and yet are deadly jealous of each other. For instance, in 1582, one rebel, Byrne, offered to Carew to purchase his pardon by bringing the head of his chief officer, Fitzgerald, in a bag, and to murder several of Fitzgerald's companions. A sworn confederate of Byrne betrayed the plot to the chief, and Fitzgerald killed Byrne and his associates. Soon after, Fitzgerald being hard pressed, proposed to buy his pardon by cutting off the head of his "best friend and fellow in arms, Shean Mac Hugh." Some accomplice betrayed him to Shean, who hanged Fitzgerald, as Fitzgerald had hung Byrne! The Irish rebel chiefs thus saved the Government a deal of trouble.

On the Study of Indian Architecture. By J. Ferguson. (Murray.)

THIS is a lecture read before the Society of Arts in December last. It embodies part of the substance of the recently-published chapters on the styles in question which pertain to 'The History of Architecture,' by the same author. The reason for the apparent neglect of this architecture was suggested by Mr. Henry Cole, in the discussion which followed the lecture, when he reminded us that fifty years have not passed since Gothic architecture was a mystery in this country. He might have reduced the count by nearly half, and added, that within the latter period the most important analyses of Greek design have been achieved by Messrs. Cockerell, Watkiss Lloyd and Penrose. We are still in such a wretched state of ignorance about the national and climatic Gothic itself that, although fairly adopted, and Greek and the semi-barbarous Roman set aside, we hover between it and the so-called Palladian, so that we actually venture to "restore" old buildings, and, as at Lincoln, recarve architectonic carvings. Although Mr. Ferguson's urgency is directed to getting recognized the principles which are so admirably evinced in Indian Art of many periods, and procuring application for them to modern service, we doubt not much must yet be learnt about the application of the similar and more immediate principles of the style of our own country to home uses for houses, bridges, aqueducts, embankments, lighthouses and the like. It was but the other day that Mr. Burges showed us how a good Gothic warehouse could be designed without being merely "medieval,"—a thing almost unknown. Much must yet be done ere folks will study toposes, dogmas, and other outlandish works.

Cambridge Characteristics in the Seventeenth Century; or, the Studies of the University, and their Influence on the Character and Writings of the most Distinguished Graduates during that Period.

By James Bass Mullinger. (Macmillan & Co.)

THE above title-page contains nearly the precise words in which the Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge, in 1866, proposed the subject for the essays that were to compete for the Le Bas Prize in 1867. The funds for this prize were furnished by members of the Civil Service of India, who were students

at the East India College at Haileybury during any portion of the thirty years that the Rev. Mr. Le Bas was connected with that institution. These English essays were generally on a subject of general literature, "such subject to be occasionally chosen with reference to the history, institutions and probable destinies and prospects of the Anglo-Indian empire." Mr. Mullinger has worthily won his honourable prize for 1867. He reviews the early history of Cambridge, then describes it in the seventeenth century; shows the influences of Cambridge studies on the character, manner, thought and writings of distinguished graduates of that period; has two admirable chapters on the Cartesian philosophy and the Cambridge Platonists; and concludes with two others, equally creditable to him, dealing with Cambridge from the outbreak of the Civil War to the close of the century.

Cassell's Illustrated Book of Fables.—La Fontaine. Translated by Walter Thornbury. With Illustrations by Gustave Doré. Part I. (Cassell, Petter & Galpin.)

So far as this publication is yet advanced, it appears to be about equal in value to former issues of the same class by the same publishers. The French edition published by Hachette & Co. (some disconnected parts of which lie before us) has higher pretensions, and is of admirable quality. Some of the designs are first rate in their way, as that which refers to 'Le Lièvre et les Grenouilles'; 'Le Paon plaignant à Junon' is poor of the poorest; 'Les Loups et les Brebis' is very good. Probably the European edition will follow the French one in all but the quality of its paper and printing. A portrait of M. Doré accompanies the former by way of "gift."

The Diamond Guide for the Stranger in Paris. By M. A. Joanne. (Hachette & Co.)

THIS book contains 127 illustrations, views in the city and its environs, and a map. The former are better than ordinary in their very useful class, that class being an improvement on the common guide-books. The sole fault of the latter is a serious, if not fatal, one; it is printed on paper so thin that a few drops of rain would ruin it, a slight gust of wind tear it. As to the text, it is one of the most complete we know, well fitted to the English traveller; gives full details of dining places, with the addresses and prices of many classes of meals, *cafés*, railways, and all other details of the useful sort; condensed catalogues of the public exhibitions, Louvre, &c., and descriptions of public works. Altogether, this is a capital hand guide-book of the most commendable sort.

The English Catalogue of Books for 1866. (Low & Co.)

THIS is intended to be a continuation of the London and British Catalogues, and is really fairly done, but it ought to be better. We found three errors in a minute's search. Nevertheless, as the items may be reckoned by thousands, perfection would be hard to attain.

My French Companion to Paris and its Environs. With Maps and Illustrations. By P. E. Taper-noux. (Longmans & Co.)

THIS handy volume comprises a vocabulary of French and English, with a very sketchy guide to the city. Comparing two statements on one subject in this and the publication of M. Hachette, we observe a slight difference. This says that upwards of 3,000,000 of skeletons lie in the Catacombs; that says upwards of 6,000,000. The illustrations are few, the maps tolerable, that of Paris is clear. The vocabulary is useful in its order.

The Night Fossickers, and other Australian Tales of Peril and Adventure. By James Skipp Bors-lase. (Warne & Co.)

WHETHER Mr. Borslase ever held in reality as well as imagination a prominent place in the Melbourne police force, or whether in claiming consideration for services which he rendered to the cause of order and efficient government in the character of a detective, he merely makes bold use of one of the licences permitted to writers of fiction, we do not care to inquire. It is enough for us to know and report that the perilous no less than the strangely mysterious adventures described in his well-written though highly sensational volume,

are just such adventures as the reasonable reader can believe to have fallen to the lot of a chief of police, doing war some fifteen years since against bushrangers and those burglars of the diggings to whom the name of "Night Fossickers" has been accorded by their natural enemies; and, moreover, that the vigorous style in which the stories are told is in keeping with their incidents and villainous actors, as well as with the narrator's representation of his personal history and disposition. Under ordinary circumstances, we are slow to commend books that invest crime and criminals with melo-dramatic interest; but their dramatic art and unusual force place Mr. Borslase's tales of peril and adventure high above those spurious revelations of London and Edinburgh police officers, and vicious compilations from the annals of our criminal courts, which we recently denounced on their first appearance amongst our scandalous literature. Whether he be ex-policeman or not, Mr. James Skipp Borslase is not to be ranked with those fabricators of "Confessions" and "Curiosities" who some two or three seasons since met with their appropriate reward. Regarded as short tales written to rouse emotions of horror and intense longing for the result of atrocious circumstances, his stories of 'The Shepherd's Hut' and 'The Night Fossickers of Moonlight Flat' will endure comparison with things in the same way and for the same end by Edgar Allan Poe.

The Worthies of Cumberland.—John Christian Curwen. William Blamire. By Henry Lonsdale, M.D. (Routledge & Sons.)

THIS is a book of brief but pleasant biographies, affording many illustrations of the political, social and religious life of the last part of the eighteenth and the first part of the nineteenth century. Mr. Curwen was a stalwart man, with a fist that could shake any two hands at once. He was a great and enlightened agriculturist, father of many useful reforms. He was an active politician, an advanced "blue," and a far-seeing legislator, in which character he is to be remembered for having carried the repeal of the salt duty (under which common salt was 4½d. a pound) against the strongest opposition. He was both squire and statesman; but good as his rule of life was in many respects, it was altogether evil in the example he gave of a loose immorality, which was both example and justification for men too ready to avail themselves of it, and the ruin of the women of Workington; to which place he once angrily declared in a speech he had acted like a father for years: "Aye, thou'st reet, Squire," cried out a woman of effrontery, "thou's fadder to nearly hawf o't town." Mr. Curwen's biographer makes a lame sort of apology for him on this point, by observing that his "shortcomings were not made offensive to the public eye"; and, as a seeming consequence, we are told that he was well esteemed even "in that highly moral and Christian land Scotland."—The memoir of William Blamire is an amended edition of a former memoir. It relates to a man who, if he was less extensively useful than Curwen, was free from some of his shortcomings.—Blamire, as chief Tithe Commissioner, deserves to be remembered as one who dealt ruthlessly with the tithe abuse, was most intensely hated by "the parsons," and yet never had the most angry of them before him without sending the clerical gentleman away with a feeling, if not that Mr. Blamire was entirely right, there was, at least, much to be said on both sides. For its pictures of social, political and provincial life, this pleasant volume is very well worth reading. It is written, for the most part, in a spirit of fairness that cannot be too highly commended.

The Epitaphs and Monumental Inscriptions in Greyfriars Churchyard, Edinburgh. Collected by James Brown. With Introduction and Notes. (Hamilton, Adams & Co.)

EVEN the local reader for whose benefit works of parochial interest are understood to be compiled, will not gain a satisfactory amount of diversion from this collection of epitaphs. Hitherto we have inclined to the opinion, held by many intelligent and curious tourists, that the churchyard could not be found in which a stranger could not pass an agreeable hour in studying the

more or less suggestive inscriptions of its tombstones. Amongst the numerous memorials that are amongst the most conspicuous contents of an ordinary grave-garden, it is seldom that one fails to come upon a few quaint illustrations of personal character, or pathetic references to notable men, manners and events. The Greyfriars churchyard, however, will only occasion disappointment to the idle traveller who shall search its uncouthly lettered stones in the hope of coming upon such exhibitions of political sympathy, religious sentiment and poetic taste, or upon such brief and suggestive sketches of patriotic story or personal romance, as the habitual loiterer in old haunts would expect to find in the largest and oldest cemetery of an historic city. The inscriptions relate, for the most part, to obscure persons, whose memoirs are of no concern to any one but their descendants; and whilst municipal nobodies are thus commemorated in verse and prose, George Buchanan's grave is indicated by no worthier memorial than the small tablet which a poor blacksmith, setting an example by which his wealthier fellow countrymen have not as yet profited, placed some years since in homage to Scotland's foremost scholar.

We have on our table: *Anti-Secularist Lectures: a Course of Six Lectures* by the Rev. James M'Cann, with an Appendix containing Secularist Objections to the Bible, with Notes, &c. (Simpkin & Marshall).—*The Edinburgh High School French Conversation Grammar*, arranged on an entirely new plan, with Questions and Answers for the Use of Schools and Private Students, by Charles Henri Schneider, Seventeenth Edition (Oliver & Boyd). We have also the following pamphlets: *Corrected Report of the Speech of Earl Russell on the Irish Church on the 24th of June, 1867*, with a Preface (Ridgway).—*On Liberty*, by Joseph B. Forster (Kitts).—*Letter to a Member of Convocation*, by the Rev. John Kettle (Parker & Co.).—*A Few Hints to Exeter Hall* (Bosworth).—*Address at the Anniversary Meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, May 27, 1867*, by Sir Roderick Impey Murchison, Bart., President.—*Report of the Salmon Fishery Congress*, held at the Horticultural Gardens, South Kensington, on Friday, June 7, 1867.—*The Patent Question under Free Trade: a Solution of Difficulties by abolishing or shortening the Inventor's Monopoly and instituting National Recompenses: a Paper submitted to the Congress of the Association for the Promotion of Social Science at Edinburgh, October 13, 1863*, by Robert Andrew Macfie; to which are added Translations of recent Contributions to Patent Reform, by M. Chevalier and other Continental Economists (Johnson).—*A Few Words about our Navy*, by a Gunner Officer (Dyett & Saunders).—*Austria a Constitutional State: a Short Sketch of the Rise, Progress, and Development of Constitutional Life in the Austrian Dominions* (Dulau & Co.).—*The Alps and the Eastern Mails*, by Sir Cusack P. Roney (Effingham Wilson).—*Claims of the Nizam, Past and Present: a Chapter on Hyderabad* (Mann Nephews).—*The First Three Pound Trip of British Working Men to the Paris Exhibition of 1867, under the Management of the Paris Excursion Committee of the London Working Men's Club and Institute*, reprinted from the 'Leeds Express'.—*and London Cabs: The "Course" System*, by J. L. Hadden (Stanford).

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Alford's Year of Prayer, People's Edit. 18mo. 1/6 cl.
Aytoun (W. E.) Memoir of, by Theo. Martin, post 8vo. 12/ cl.
Benton's Quantities and Measurements (Wale's Series), 12mo. 1/ cl.
Child's Rose and Flora, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21/ cl.
Creed and Williams's Handicraftsmen & Capitalists, roy. 8vo. 2/6
Early Years of H. R. H. the Prince Consort, by Lt.-Gen. GREF, 16/ cl.
Elliot's History of India, edit. by Prof. Dawson, Vol. 1, 8vo. 15/ cl.
Emerson's Guide to the Environs of London, 12mo. 1/ 3rd.
Harvey's Outlines and Exposition of the Apocalypse, cr. 8vo. 5/ cl.
Horton's Physical and Medical Climate of W. Africa, 8vo. 10/ cl.
Hughes's Manual of Pharmacodynamics, cr. 8vo. 10/ cl.
Hugo's Medieval Nurseries of Somerset, royal 8vo. 25/ hf.-bd.
Kirby's Annals of an Aired Raper, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31/6 cl.
Kirk's First Latin Book, 18mo. 1/6 cl.
Krummacher's David, King of Israel, cr. 8vo. 7/6 cl.
McCombie's Cattle and Cattle-Breeders, 8vo. 5/ cl.
Malling's Handbook for Ladies on Indoor Plants, 12mo. 4/ cl.
North of the Tweed, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31/6 cl.
Parr's Treatise on Functions of Digestion, 8vo. 6/ cl.
Perry's Treatise on Identity of Herne's Oak, sq. 7/6 cl.
Southey's Caroline B. Poetical Works, 6s. 8vo. 5/ cl.
Seaton's British Butterflies, coloured plates, cr. 8vo. 10/6 cl.
Woodcut (The), and other Tales, by F. M. P., 12mo. 3/ cl.
Wright's Ludlow Sketches, cr. 8vo. 4/ cl.

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THE HAKLUYT SOCIETY AND MR. FROUDE.

British Museum, July 23, 1867.
I beg to thank Mr. Froude for his courteous expression of regret for what, I am quite sure, was done inadvertently, and I would thankfully accept his promise of reparation if it were extended to all the mischief that is being done to me. Unfortunately for me, two editions of Mr. Froude's Essays have been issued this year, the second this very month, in a cheap and popular form; thus diffusing and prolonging, in the most effectual manner, an injustice to my name which has existed for fifteen years, and postponing indefinitely the chance of reparation in a future edition.

Under such circumstances, I read with regret that while acknowledging one error Mr. Froude does not also acknowledge what every one else sees clearly and condemns—the injustice of his censure on me with respect to Columbus, and which he makes a ground for censure on the Hakluyt Society. That Society stands too high to need any defence from its former Honorary Secretary, but I may be excused for specially asking that this censure may be expunged; for I have a letter from Mr. Bancroft, who was Ambassador here at the time, in which he eulogizes, in terms so warm that I may not repeat them, the spirit in which I had written both of the sufferings of Columbus and of the touching language in which he had recorded them. This is exactly the contrary of what Mr. Froude's two editions are telling everybody that I have done. R. H. MAJOR.

IRON AND MAGNETISM.

52, Watling Street, London, July 23, 1867.
In reply to your Correspondent, Mr. T. Ingle, whose letter appears in your issue of the 13th instant, will you kindly allow me to state that the process for the purification of iron, of which notices have lately appeared in the papers, is the result of a perfectly independent course of investigation made by myself; that the agent employed is not direct electricity, but magnetism; that iron or steel so operated on is remarkable for its purity, density and toughness; and, lastly, that I took out a patent for the process in February, 1865, which was, I believe, some months before the meeting of the British Association to which he refers. I have had a brief account printed, giving a general outline of the process, of which I inclose a copy, and shall have pleasure in furnishing one to Mr. Ingle (if you will kindly take charge of it, or inform me how it can be sent to him), or to any other gentleman interested in the subject.

WM. ROBINSON.

THE PASTON LETTERS.

Public Record Office, July 22, 1867.
Mr. Furnivall's suggestion is a very gratifying confirmation of the opinion I myself entertain of the interest which a new edition of the Paston Letters would awaken among the public; but as, I must own, my views differ considerably from his as to the mode and plan of publication, you will, I hope, allow me to make one or two observations in reply.

Mr. Furnivall, while he agrees with me as to the desirability of recovering the lost originals, is opposed to the publication of a complete edition while those MSS. remain undiscovered. We want, he says, the additional letters first, as a supplement to the existing edition; and he thinks that the book would pay itself, as every possessor of the old edition would be sure to order it. Now the commercial prospects of this, as compared with a different mode of publication, I do not propose here to discuss; but it is my decided opinion that the literary and historical value of the new edition would be very much impaired by such a plan. Just fancy what it would be for the student of history to have to consult one letter of a correspondence in one volume, the answer to it in a second, and the reply to that again in a third! Even if every letter were distinctly dated at the end, this would be bad enough; but when, as is the case in this correspondence, the evidence of the date of almost every letter depends mainly upon their being read in sequence, it is quite bewildering to turn from one

volume to another in order to catch the thread of written conversation. Even the letters which Fenn published are in two separate series, and are therefore, in many respects, more consultable in Knight's handy little edition, where, though sometimes condensed and abridged as well as modernized, they are better arranged than in the quarto volumes. But if Mr. Furnivall's plan is followed, the historical student will have the collection divided into three series, and we shall probably never get one complete edition of the Paston Letters at all.

Finally, the errors in Sir John Fenn's chronology and notes will be much in danger of going uncorrected or unobserved. The editor, indeed, if he do his duty, will have to arrange, for himself at all events, the published and unpublished letters together: a process which will, in itself, tend to clear up obscurities and correct several inaccuracies, as the re-arrangement even of Fenn's two series has done in Knight's edition; but unless the old and imperfect arrangement be completely superseded, the most wary historical student will still be liable to be deceived by the mistakes of the old edition.

As to the question of the particular channel of publication, I have less to say; but I cannot see any good reason why the Master of the Rolls should decline to publish any English works but dull ones—a principle to which Mr. Furnivall seems to think him bound to adhere, in order that the sum placed in his hands may produce as many unsaleable books as possible. It is true that the immediate sale of any work in the Rolls series ought not to be considered a fair index of its real value; but where a publication is justified by its historical interest, and is otherwise well adapted to find a place in the Government series, I confess it seems to me a strange argument against its appearance there to say that it is likely to pay its own expenses. JAMES GAIRDNER.

AFRICAN DISCOVERY.

Rio de Janeiro, June 12, 1867.
I have but lately received your issues of March 30, of April 6 and April 20, 1867; and yet I venture to ask space for these lines. It must, I well know, curiously strike many readers to find a fresh notice of a discussion already three months stale. The distance between us, however, leaves me no remedy. With Mr. Cooley, I cannot see upon what authority Dr. Livingstone has pronounced the Mazitu, or Wamazitu, to be of the "Zulu," or even of the true Kafir, race. If huge shields be the proof, many tribes of the East African interior opposite Zanzibar Island are, as I have shown in 'The Lake Regions,' armed with that defence.

Unhappily, Capt. Speke ('Journal of the Discovery, &c.,' p. 6), having seen the Amazulu at Delagoa Bay, pronounced the "Watuta" robbers of Uuyamwezi to be of the same race. In East Africa, this consanguinity could be proved only—first, by the distinct tradition of the tribe; secondly, by a scholarlike comparison of dialects. In the case of the supposed Zulus, nothing of the kind was attempted. Similarly, Capt. Speke (chaps. 1, 9) made the Wuhuma race to be Gallas, when the former speak a South African tongue and the latter preserve an essentially Semitic dialect; in fact, one of the most idiomatically Arab that exists.

I must differ, *totò calo*, from Mr. Cooley's remarks (*Athenæum*, April 6) about Dr. Livingstone's last great feat. Dr. Kirk, H.M.'s vice-consul at Zanzibar, was closeted with the fugitive Johanna men, and concluded, with apparently the best of reasons, that the so-called Nyassa Lake ends a little to the north of where he placed it in the *Journal of the Royal Geographical Society*, vol. xxxv.—that is to say, about S. lat. 16° 30'. Dr. Seward also reports that Dr. Livingstone crossed to the western side of the Nyassa Lake, whose northern termination it was one of his principal objects to lay down, and that he found no obstacle to progress. We may, therefore, conclude that he had satisfied himself about a point concerning which most men, except Mr. Cooley, have long been satisfied.

Mr. Cooley still holds hard to his "single sea," as desperately as to the non-existence of those snows which the lamented Baron von der Decken saw

and felt. The forces which made him adopt the former unfortunate and ungeographical theory I have long ago analyzed. His chief informant was a Sawahili, aristocratically self-titled in London "Khamis bin Usman"; at home better known by the plebeian name, Khamisi wa Tani. This individual notoriously misled Mr. Cooley, who still fights for him, lance at rest, like the doughtiest of Don Quixotes, and who charges me with defaming the character of his Dulcinea. Even Mr. Cooley might, perhaps, modify his opinion if he had heard, at Zanzibar, Lieut.-Col. Hamerton's account of the connexion between Khamisi and the murder of the unfortunate M. Maizan.

Highly characteristic of Mr. Cooley is his present treatment of the question—his unwillingness to collect facts. We have now at Zanzibar intelligent travellers like Dr. Kirk and Dr. Seward. How is it that the inventor of "Lake Nyassi" does not consult them about his "Sea of Ujiji," his "town Zanganica," his "carnelian currency," and other obsolete assertions of a similar nature? Dr. Kirk, guided by explorations already made, would send him in a few weeks an unbiased and unprejudiced statement of all that native explorers have seen and done in the Lake Regions since 1859.

But no! "*Son sidge cat fait*"; and fresh facts would be, of all things, the least welcome to venerable (?) fiction. This geographical Vertot prefers even the African twilight of the Year of Grace 1845 to the clear dawn of A.D. 1867.

RICHARD F. BURTON.

THE PETRIFIED WOMAN OF BERTHIER, CANADA.

1, Bryanston Street, July 20, 1867.
I well remember the announcement of the discovery of a "petrified woman" at Berthier in 1845, for I was then a resident in Canada, and a pupil at McGill College. Berthier is a small village on the banks of the St. Lawrence, opposite Sorel, and is forty-five miles from Montreal. Several cuttings from newspapers are in my possession regarding this woman, one especially from the *Quebec Mercury*, in the form of a letter to the editor, under the signature of "J. C. P.," dated Quebec, April 17, 1845. The following extracts from it may prove of interest as relating to the subject of Prof. Daniel Wilson's letter in the *Athenæum* of July 6th.

"Passing through Berthier on the 21st of March, I paid a visit to the gentleman in whose house it is deposited, and received from him every civility and explanation that time would allow. The petrification, for such I must term it, is kept in a large chest made for the purpose, in a lower room of the house, under lock and key. On removing a fair linen cloth, one of the most extraordinary sights presents itself that probably ever came under notice. By a rare process of Nature, a body committed to earth in the ordinary way some twenty years since [in the churchyard of the village], instead of crumbling into original dust, has become the petrified image of the human form, which once had being, life and motion. The body, which in life was composed of both solid and empty parts, is now entirely solid, hard, and seems to be as completely stone as if quarried by mortal hand. It has the appearance of one of those ancient statues, abraded by time and exposure, which are seen in niches on the outside of cathedrals in Europe. In colour it is dark grey, or nearly black. The nose and mouth are destroyed, and one of the feet, I think, was gone. The trunk was perfect. Where the foot is broken it has every appearance of mutilated stone.

"The small running stream, doubtless containing earthy particles, over which the coffin is supposed to have been originally deposited in the soil, presented, as I was informed, a bubbling spring, the exit of which was not larger than the palm of the hand. On either side two bodies had been interred about the time of the burial of the one in question. All these have entirely disappeared: a fact which shows that the influence of the petrifying spring, or lapidific fluid, did not extend beyond a narrow vein of the breadth or space occupied by the body which has suffered so extraordinary a change: *Una lapis fuit: intra quoque viscera saxum est*. I perceive that a New

port (731), *Hove* (730), *Keith* (722) and *Gardner* (613), *Admirals Kempenfelt* (735) and *Leake* (169), enough, but not too many, to represent an age of unprecedented naval activity. We should be glad to observe more of these ghosts of the old sea-entails and champions: Wager, and especially Admiral Hosier, the hero of Glover's ballad.

Among the military leaders here, a class that is far more numerous than their naval contemporaries, is *James, Duke of Berwick*, (21) a good example of Cassana's ornate style, showing the late use of mail in the gussets of his armour.—See also the very handsome, cruel, reckless-looking *Dundee* (13), by an unknown painter.—A very interesting portrait is that of the longheaded-looking *Pletcher of Saltoun* (20), a kindly-looking, shrewd Scot; the work of W. Aikman, though unnamed here as such.—Here is an important series of portraits of *Sir Isaac Newton*. No. 29, by Lewis Crosse, 35, by Sir James Thornhill—which powerfully suggests to us the benefit Hogarth derived in studying with his father-in-law; it is probably this portrait, the painting of which exasperated Sir Godfrey and made him declare that no portrait painter should decorate his house at Whitton, as originally proposed it should be by Thornhill,—and 33, by Kneller.—No. 23 is also called after Newton, and ascribed to Lely; but is rather, we think, a portrait of some one else, doubtful if a Lely. It has blue eyes, while the unquestionable Kneller (33) and Thornhill (35) have brown irides; also No. 29, by Crosse. No. 23, on the other hand, which shows a very young man, is not unlike Newton in features, but by no means very like. No. 35 must be considered a monumental picture, with a *grandish*, not grand, air, and is not unworthy of Thornhill's pretensions in Art; it is a portrait of a much older subject than No. 33, and far inferior to that most happily expressive face which is that of an incarnate intellect.—The portrait of *Tillotson* (24), by Kneller, is not a bad picture, but needs looking after, and, like so many of the Lambeth paintings, seems as if it had been baked in sunlight and heat. Another of this series is unnamed here; it is by Isaac Wood, of *Tenison* (31), by the same hand as No. 221, *Wake*, Tenison's successor in the Primacy,—a signed picture, although not noted as such in the Catalogue.—No. 40, *Locke*, by Kneller, has been daubed upon, and was originally but a poor copy of another version, showing more of the figure, of No. 30, Lord Sherborne's *Locke*, which, being signed at the back, is probably that referred to in Dallaway's notes to Walpole's 'Anecdotes,' p. 597, edit. 1849.—Lord Marchmont (69) is, we think, not by Kneller.—The *Princess Sophia Dorothea* (68) is not a Honthorst in its present state, if it ever was such.—*Colston*, of Bristol (54), is a capital Richardson, in the manner of Kneller, his master.—The unnamed *Osborne, Duke of Leeds*, (50) is probably by Sir Peter Lely, and painted in 1675, when the minister, then Earl of Danby, became Knight of the Garter. It is a good portrait, intensely characteristic.—Melodious *Purcell* (38), by Closterman, a small whole-length, holds a miniature of Mary the Second, who died a year before himself.—The *Earl of Halifax* (52), by Kneller, is the "full-blown Bufo" of Pope, and was engraved by J. Smith: an admirable mezzotint.

Regretting the vast proportion of the ignominious and the insignificant, we miss many portraits of noteworthy persons in this gathering: among them Pultney, Earl of Bath, to whom the "brimstone" Duchess Sarah of Marlborough rashly entrusted her estates.—Dunck, second Earl of Halifax, Wilkes's opponent,—*Ladies Yarmouth, Orkney, Sundon*, the Duchess of Kendall, and other "cattle," as Pepys was accustomed to say, of their kind; also *Sophia of Zell*, the luckless wife of King George; the great equestrian picture of William the Third, now at Hampton Court; and Dr. Wallis, like the last, by Kneller, which Pepys gave to the Bodleian. Among "cattle" we have the *Countess of Darlington* (208), whom Walpole described as having "two fierce black eyes, rolling beneath two lofty arched eyebrows, two acres of cheek spread with crimson, and an ocean of neck that overflowed."

No. 95, which the Catalogue calls *John Holles, Duke of Newcastle*, should be William Thomas

Pelham Holles, Duke of Newcastle, and is a work of another period altogether than the works with which it is here associated. It is by Hoare, of Bath, R.A., noteworthy for being the Shree of his time, great in official portraiture: see the upholstery of his costume, and compare it with No. 337, which is rightly named after Duke W.T.P. Holles. The former picture was engraved by M'Ardell.—*Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford*, (98) belonging to the British Museum, should have been ascribed to Kneller; it was engraved by Vertue. So the Christ Church *Atterbury* (106), and *Kneller* (120), which was engraved by Faber, and the *Dr. Radcliffe* (124).—*Magdalen College's Henry Sacheverell* (126) was painted by A. Russell, and engraved by Smith—one of his best mezzotints. He was Atterbury's fellow-plotter.—One of the most absurd mistakes is that which describes No. 137 as *Christopher Catt*,—a well-used Sussex family name, by the way; it is really a portrait of one Lebeck, a publican, holding a glass of wine in his hand. He had nothing to do with the Kit-Cat Club. The picture was engraved by A. Miller, 1739. It is ascribed to Kneller. Likewise is No. 145, *Members of the Kit-Cat Club*, with a fanciful identification by means of the young Earl of Warwick, Addison's step-son. The work represents a party of Dutchmen, and is not by Kneller. We have no knowledge that Kneller painted the Club except as individuals, some of which pictures, from Mr. Baker's Collection, are here, apparently much restored; nor can we trace resemblances to its members among the phlegmatic-looking men here.—In Jervas's *Elizabeth Churchill, Countess of Bridgewater*, (160) we have the picture so enthusiastically be-rhymed by Pope—

With Zeuxis' Helen thy Bridgewater vie.
(Epistle to Mr. Jervas), an association which makes us laugh. The picture of

The fair-haired Martha and Theresa brown,
(The *Misses Blount*, 152), is not unlikely to have been that referred to in the same Epistle as by Jervas—

Each pleasing Blount shall equal smiles bestow;
and, although not named here to be the work of Jervas, whose style it much resembles, it has been wofully repainted, yet retains considerable signs of merit. The renowned *Tickell* (153) is certainly by Jervas; *Countess Delawarr's John Gay* (173), oddly ascribed to "Boll," is by Aikman, and was engraved by T. Kye. Who the "Boll" may be intended for we know not; Cornelius Boll, son of Ferdinand, died seven years before Gay was born. Another portrait of *Gay*, ascribed to Richardson (177), was sold in 1820 as a Hogarth. The "Trin. Coll. Cam." portrait of *Bentley* (180) is by Thornhill. The College of Physicians' *Dr. Friend* (181) is by M. Dahl. Oxford University's *Dr. Pepusch* (182) is the work of Hudson. The portrait of *Sir J. Thornhill* (183) is doubtless ascribed to that artist with truth; but it is not his own likeness. It represents a young man of about twenty years of age, and is much too masterly in manner for Sir James's power at that age; it strongly suggests the work of a man accustomed to deal with large canvases and brushes. The portrait of *Pope* (146), ascribed to Kneller, is not a Kneller now, but the wreck of one. The ascription of the female portrait (142) to Swift's "*Stella*" is almost as boldly done as that which refers another picture of another *Mrs. Johnson* (555) to the wife of the lexicographer, or *Mr. and Mrs. Garrick and Child* (551), by Reynolds, as if the child belonged to the childless pair. That Hogarth (!) painted *Chatterton* (see 810) is an assumption discreditable to the gatherers of this Exhibition. It may be meant for a joke; if so, it is a poor one.—The *Second Earl of Bradford* (184), called a Kneller, is more probably a Lely, and a representation of the first Earl of that name.—The *Sir Joseph Jekyl* (191) is by Michell Dahl, engraved by Vertue.—The *Countess of Bradford* (190) is amazingly ascribed to Kneller; it looks like a weak French picture, and is signed, says the Catalogue, "J. Mich. Wright, 1676"; if this be true, the lady painted here could not well have married Richard, second Earl of Bradford (184). The Duke of Marlborough's *George the First* (194) is a horribly bad copy.—The *Dean of Canterbury's Dean Stanhope* (209) is by Jack Ellys, who painted

the Queen's College *Bishop Gibson* (216); neither is named here.—The capital portrait of *Bishop Hooper, of Bath and Wells*, (229) belonging to Christ Church, Oxford, is not by Hogarth, but by T. Hill (compare it with No. 133), and was engraved by G. White, 1723; as to which engraving Bromley notes, "N.B. The mixture of engraving with mezzotint was first practised in this print." We are sorry to deprive Christ Church of its "Hogarth," and may apologetically point to the many Knellers we have identified in the College collection of portraits.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

THE Sultan's visit to this country has proved that, in regard to the artistic forms of hospitality, London is not so far behind Paris and Vienna as many people have been disposed to say. We doubt whether the French could have beaten either of the two great receptions—that of Guildhall and that of the India Office. Both were magnificent. Indeed, the fault was an excess of splendour, especially in the way of floral decoration. In the City, a thousand pounds' worth of flowers and plants were either hidden out of sight or trampled into dust. It seemed to be forgotten that the rooms and corridors so profusely ornamented with flowers were to be crowded with guests, who would necessarily hide the long low lines of roses and geraniums. Those who arrived at the Guildhall early in the evening had a rare enjoyment. Gardening is one of the Sultan's passions; his chief gardener, an Armenian, is one of the great personages of Turkey. Everywhere His Majesty asked for flowers, more flowers; but the crowds of guests hardly ever offered him a chance of seeing what had been provided for his delight. This was most of all the case at the Horticultural Gardens on Monday night.

After a silence of five years, Mr. Gerald Massey is about to resume his old vocation of public lecturer. His new tour will be through the North of England and a part of Scotland.

The Spenser Society is not letting the grass grow under its feet. A notice from the treasurer, Mr. G. W. Napier, of 19, Chapel Walks, Manchester, tells us that the first two works determined upon by the Council are now in the press, viz., 'John Heywoodes Woorkes,' and 'All the Woorkes of John Taylor, the Water-Poet.'

Mr. Edward Dowden, B.A., of Trinity College, Dublin, a distinguished scholar of the college, and late one of the sub-editors of the Philological Society's English Dictionary, has been elected Professor of English Language and Literature at his college.

An account of some curious old rhyming dictionaries, which have been forgotten or unnoticed by writers on dictionaries, will appear in Mr. H. B. Wheatley's forthcoming edition of Levin's 'Manipulus,' for the Early-English Text, Philological, and Camden Societies. The three bodies have wisely united in the production of the work.

M. Gompertz has returned to London with his Spectroscope, the marvels and comicalities of which he exhibited at St. James's Hall on Saturday last, morning and evening. The changes are somewhat slow for a popular entertainment; but the farce, given at the end, is excessively droll.

M. Ernest Schulz will complete his performances of *Masks and Faces* about the middle of August.

The following note has been forwarded to us for publication:—

"Parliament Library, Melbourne, April 27, 1867.
"The remains of the late Charles Whitehead, the author, lie in the Melbourne Cemetery, without any stone or other memorial to mark the spot. Would not a few of his old associates in England be disposed to subscribe something towards a monument? If so, I will undertake that the amount subscribed there shall be supplemented by a corresponding donation here. Yours, &c.,
"JAMES SMITH."

—Mr. Charles Whitehead was the author of a novel of considerable popularity twenty years ago, 'Richard Savage,' and of a poem, entitled 'The Solitary.' He was a contributor to the periodical

literature of his day, and was a kindly-hearted man whom everybody liked.

A Report of the Select Committee of the House of Commons, on the advisability of making purchases at the Paris Exhibition, and making the same exhibition useful to the manufacturing industry of this country, has been published. The Committee agree on the desirability of such purchases, especially such as illustrate scientific inventions and discoveries and the application of Art to manufactures, and on the value of exhibiting such purchases at the South Kensington and local museums. The Committee further advise an application to Parliament for a grant of not more than 25,000*l*. Also, that no purchase should be made without consulting a commission of gentlemen, distinguished for their artistic and scientific attainments, and the Art referees of the Department of Science and Art.

Mr. Charles D. Cleveland, the well-known American writer, has published in this country a separate edition of his very useful 'Complete Concordance to the Poetical Works of John Milton.' Some of our readers may have used this Concordance already, in connexion with Mr. Cleveland's capital edition of Milton; those who have not yet made its acquaintance may now obtain it in a handy form.

Though the two late versions of 'Piers Plowman' have been long known,—the second through the old editions of Crowley, Wolfe, &c., and the modern edition of Mr. T. Wright, the third through the edition of Dr. Whitaker,—the first version has never yet been printed. Our incurious antiquarian public, diligent after stones and bones, has been content to let our English Dante's first sketch of his great poem slumber in manuscript for over six hundred years. "Both our ancestors," as the Oxford pass-man said, "who wants to know anything about them?" At any rate, the members of that famous University have left unprinted from their great Vernon Manuscript, since they have had it, the first and scarcest version of Langland's Visions. Lately, however, a Cambridge editor, Mr. Skeat, has printed it, and it will be issued in a fortnight by the Early English Text Society. The variations between this early version and the later ones are very many, especially in Passus x. and xi. Of the poem itself Mr. Skeat says—"As indicating the true temper and feelings of the English mind in the fourteenth century, it is worth volumes of history; and the student who is desirous of understanding this period aught cannot possibly neglect Langland and Chaucer. Strangely too, and most fortunately, these two authors are, in a great measure, each the supplement of the other. Chaucer describes the rich much more fully than the poor, and shows the holiday-making, cheerful, genial phase of English life; but Langland pictures the homely poor in their ill-fed, hard-working condition, battling against hunger, famine, injustice, oppression, and all the stern realities and hardships that tried them as gold is tried in the fire. Chaucer's satire often raises a good-humoured laugh; but Langland's is that of a man who is constrained to speak out all the bitter truth, and it is as earnest as is the cry of an injured man who appeals to Heaven for vengeance. Each, in his own way, is equally admirable, and worthy to be honoured by all who prize highly the English character and our own dear native land. There is a danger that some who take up 'Piers Plowman' may be at first somewhat repelled by the allegorical form of it, or by an apparent archaism of language, and some passages are sufficiently abstruse to require a little thought and care to be taken before one can seize their full meaning; but there are few books that so thoroughly repay a little painstaking consideration, and, when once the spirit of the poem is fully entered into, it is found to be replete with interest and instruction. The reader who does not throw it aside at first will hardly do so afterwards; and so it must ever be with the works of a true poet, when once the mind is attuned to his thoughts and feelings. Such, then, is 'Piers Plowman,' a poem written with as intense an earnestness and as untiring a search after truth—which is the ever-recurring burden of it—as any in the English language."

Mr. Yates writes in reference to the Welsh Eisteddfod:—

"72, Oxford Terrace, Hyde Park, July 24, 1867.
"In a paragraph referring to the approaching Eisteddfod, in the *Athenæum* of the 13th of July, I read,—'The Council for the Welsh meeting of this year has appointed Mr. Edmund Yates as literary adjudicator. Is he a Welsh scholar?' He is not. But as it is expressly stipulated that the verses of which he is to be the judge shall be written in English, perhaps this does not so much matter.
EDMUND YATES."

Mr. Richard Morris has established the existence of a fresh step in the transition period of English inflexions, a genitive and general case-ending in *a*. He laid the evidence (showing a most extraordinary confusion and mixture of case-endings) before the last meeting of the Philological Society in June, and will print it in detail in the Preface to his 'Old English Homilies' for the Early English Text Society. Mr. Morris proposes to move back Sir Frederic Madden's date for the transition period, and to regard Layamon as belonging to the settled *e* period rather than the transitional one.

The first part of the second volume of Bishop Percy's Folio MS. will contain an essay, by Mr. Hales, 'On the Revival of Ballad Literature in England in the Eighteenth Century.' It will show how the way was prepared for the appearance and success of the Bishop's 'Reliques of Ancient English Poetry.' The third volume will contain a Life of Percy, by the Rev. John Pickford, of Alvechurch, with extracts from the register of Percy's first parish, Easton Mauduit—Nares's parish, too—which register Percy re-copied and made marginal notes on, according to his custom.

The grand law that the gravitation of masses is inversely as the square of the distance, the discovery of which has always been ascribed to Newton, has been recently claimed by M. Charles for Pascal. The claim is based on a letter from the latter to Robert Boyle, which is shortly to be laid before the Paris Academy of Sciences. The date assigned to Newton's discovery is 1665; Pascal died in 1662.

A county coroner wishes to draw attention to defects in a work on "crown's law":—

"Louth, Lincolnshire, July 24, 1867.
"I ordered, a few days ago, one of a series of Handy-Books of the Law, 'The Jurymen's Guide,' by Sir George Stephen, new edition, revised by a Barrister. The Preface is dated May, 1867. The reason why I ordered this book was that I might read what was written on coroners' juries, as I perceived from the advertisement that one chapter of the book was devoted to 'Grand Juries and Coroners' Juries.' On referring to this chapter, I was surprised to find it thus written: 'A coroner's jury is assembled to consider the cause of death, and to assess a *deodand* upon the moving cause' (p. 177). 'The duty of a jurymen on a coroner's inquest is strictly to confine himself to the circumstances of the death, the assessment of the *deodand*, and inquiry into the goods and lands of such as shall be found culpable' (pp. 177-78). Now, as *deodands* have been utterly abolished for twenty years (9 & 10 Vict. c. 62), I think it is too bad that a publisher should be imposed upon, and that he should impose upon the public, in such a grossly careless manner. What confidence can one feel in reading the other portions of the book, or any book of the series?
—I am, &c., M.D., County Coroner."

The King of Italy, on the recommendation, we believe, of Count Arrivabene, has appointed Mr. Edmund Ollier a Knight of the Order of SS. Maurice and Lazarus. Mr. Ollier, who is well known as a writer and journalist, receives this honour in acknowledgment of the services which he has rendered by his pen towards the cause of Italian independence.

A manuscript of Chaucer's 'Canterbury Tales,' about 1430-40 A.D., hitherto undescribed, has been lent by Mr. William S. W. Wynne, of Peniarth, M.P., to a Correspondent for examination, and we hope to give some particulars about it shortly. Mr. Wynne has also placed at the disposal of the Camden Society, for publication, Sir Kenelm Digby's autograph Journal, written when he was

admiral of the Narrow Seas. Mr. Wynne's unique fifteenth-century manuscript of the Welsh 'Greal' is now being edited by the Rev. Robert Williams. It is a translation of 'La Queste del Saint Graal,' which is said to have been written in French by our English Walter Map, or Mapes, and of which there are black letter French editions and a modern English one, that edited for the Roxburghe Club, by Mr. Furnivall.

The Liverpool Academy will hold an Exhibition this year at Griffiths's Gallery in that town. The 10th and 12th of August are the days appointed for the reception of works. The second Exhibition, which has hitherto been held in Liverpool, is now discontinued, so that this will be the only one. It is the fortieth under the Academy's management.

The Scientific Association of France has voted 78,000 francs this year for scientific investigations and experiments.

French local papers give a curious account of the result of sinking an Artesian well in the Department of Aude, near Narbonne. When the depth of 180 feet had been attained, a stream of carburetted hydrogen gas rushed up the tube, which, being lighted, has continued to burn steadily with a red flame. Along with this gas water flows, which is stated to be extremely bitter and cold.

A remarkable instance of the well-known vitality of seeds may be now seen at the Paris Exhibition, a great variety of plants foreign to France having sprung up under the walls and around the buildings in the Park, the seeds of which have been conveyed to Paris in packages from various countries. Especially around the house of "Gustavus Wassa" several plants may be seen which are peculiar to the country of that monarch.

Botanists may be interested to hear that a naturalist exhibits in the reserved garden of the Paris Exhibition a very complete collection of mosses from the Pyrenees. About three hundred varieties exist in these mountains, specimens of the greater portion of which will be found in this interesting collection.

Stare super vias antiquas cannot, assuredly, be applied to Paris. The magic wand of M. Haussmann, having converted the Buttes de Chaumont into a little Switzerland, is about to be waved over Montmartre, which is to be transformed into a public Park, with boulevards and houses on the stereotype plan. The change, however advantageous in a sanitary point of view, cannot but be deplored by antiquaries and lovers of the picturesque. Montmartre may be said to have had three distinct races of tenants. Firstly, antediluvian animals, over the bones of which Cuvier spent many hours; secondly, labourers who have worked for years in the gypsum quarries, for which Montmartre is celebrated; and, thirdly, a race of Bohemians, who, under the professional name of "Saltimbanques," attracted Parisians to their performances on the heights of Montmartre until they were put down by the strong arm of the law. What this picturesque eminence will be in a few years it is not difficult to predict. We may even doubt whether M. Haussmann will respect the Cemetery. This was the first established after the suppression of burial-places in the city, and was originally named Champ de Repos. Around it a large town has sprung up, containing a great number of quaint and picturesque houses, all of which are about to disappear.

A Correspondent, who has been much puzzled by recent popular descriptions of Palissy-ware and its modern imitations, especially in reference to such of the latter as appear in the Paris Exhibition, inquires whether or not such expressions as "exquisite delicacy," "superlatively delicate modelling," "marvellous reproduction of the beauties of nature," and the like, are truly applicable to the vessels and dishes and their decorations in relief which go by the name of the famous potter, Palissy. Can it be useful, now, to say that admiration such as that to which our Correspondent refers is misplaced, and the ignorance of its bestowers shown, because they cannot know that the fish, frogs, plants, snakes, &c., which appear on the platters and dishes of Palissy were never modelled

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THE INTER 25, Old Bond Ten till six

MR. MOR PICTURES gallery, 54, John Phillips John Linne E. M. Ward Cooke, R.A. Sant, A.R.A. dell, A.R.A. -Varnes, A.R.A. -G. Göttinge-H. in by H. E. Warren, A.

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at all, and their "marvellous delicacy" and the rest of it, derived from Nature herself? The fact is, that the artist moulded natural objects, and struck casts on his wares; hence, those who do not see this go into raptures about results which any *formatore* could produce, and overlook the real nature of the potter's achievement. When one is aware, as every artist soon becomes, of the real nature of the dodge in question, the admiration it evokes is seen to be as ludicrous as that bestowed upon the allied *falseness* of "Henri Deux," which, although generally uncouth and ugly in its contours, and palpably stamped with bookbinders' tools, was talked about as exquisite in form and absolutely miraculous in decoration. The bookbinders got small credit when they really deserved all.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, Pall Mall.—The GALLERY, with a Collection of PICTURES by ANCIENT MASTERS and Deceased BRITISH ARTISTS, is OPEN DAILY, from Ten to Six, and will CLOSE SATURDAY, August 10.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d.

FRENCH GALLERY, 139, Pall Mall.—The FOURTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of PICTURES, the Contributions of Artists of the French and Flemish Schools, is NOW OPEN.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d.

THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION of WORKS of ART, 25, Old Bond Street.—This Exhibition is NOW OPEN daily, from Ten till Six.—Admission, 1s.

MR. MORRIS'S COLLECTION OF MODERN HIGH-CLASS PICTURES is ON VIEW at the Royal Exchange Fine Arts Gallery, 24, Cornhill. This Collection contains examples of John Phillip, R.A.—Millais, R.A.—Clarkson Stanfield, R.A.—John Linnell—Peter Graham—Leslie, R.A.—D. Roberts, R.A.—E. M. Ward, R.A.—Egg, R.A.—Frith, R.A.—Goodall, R.A.—Cooke, R.A.—Packer, R.A.—Lee, R.A.—Calderon, A.R.A.—Skelton, A.R.A.—Ezra, R.A.—Le Jeune, A.R.A.—André, A.R.A.—Frost, A.R.A.—H. O'Neill, A.R.A.—Pettie, A.R.A.—Yeames, A.R.A.—P. Nasmyth—Dobson, A.R.A.—Cooper, A.R.A.—Gale—Marks—F. Hardy—Liddell—George Smith—Gleeson—H. W. B. Davis—Baxter—Burgess—Frère. Also Drawings by Hunt, Cox, Birket Foster, Duncan, Topham, F. Walker, E. Warren, &c.—Admission on presentation of address card.

SCIENCE

The Chemical Testing of Wines and Spirits. By John Joseph Griffin. (Griffin & Sons.)

This work is intended to assist those who are anxious to ascertain by experiment the relative proportions of the principal constituents of wines and spirits. To this Mr. Griffin might have added beers, for the processes used for the discovery of the constituents of one are certainly good for the other. And what is more, under whatever form or name fermented liquors are drunk throughout the world, all their qualities and characters depend on four or five constituents; and before any one uses this book of Mr. Griffin's, he should thoroughly understand the relative importance of the different constituents of fermented liquors. First and foremost of these substances stands the alcohol. This substance, in spite of the teetotaler's insinuation that it has a special origin, is the result of a change in fruit sugar by which this substance is split up into carbonic acid and the salt of a compound radical, water in this case acting the part of the acid, and ether or oxide of ethyle the base. Now there is nothing exceptional about this, but one of the most beautiful exemplifications of a law in chemistry that we have. Every sweet fruit that decomposes at a certain temperature gives off this volatile alcohol. Nay, more, all the scents of flowers and flavours of plants are dependent on compounds formed on the same plan as this "devilish" alcohol. It should be remembered, then, that man alone makes it "devilish." We need not dwell on the effects of alcohol on the nervous system,—how it first stimulates, then demages, and at last destroys the nervous matter; how it denudes the mucous membrane of the stomach, causes decay in the liver, produces fatty degeneration of the heart, granular disease of the kidneys, softening of the brain, and permeating every tissue of the body, lays up explosive materials for diseased actions of all kinds to make riot of. But this dreadful enemy is a powerful friend. Short of evil it does much good. It stimulates

the nerves to act when they are feeble and underworked. Stomach, liver, heart, kidneys, brain, are all urged to duty under its influence. The intellect is brightened, the social feelings are called into play more actively, the finest actions of body and mind in the history of man have been achieved under its influence. The greatest nations the world has seen have been addicted to its use, and the noblest religions of the world have given to its use in health and disease their sanction and approval. Withdraw alcohol from the beverages of mankind, and they sink to the dead level of soups, toast-and-water and tea.

The influence and importance of alcohol may be judged by the statement that for its consumption in this country every year 70,000,000l. of money is paid. There can be, therefore, no doubt that the primary constituent of fermented beverages is the alcohol. At the same time, the price paid for it varies in each class of beverage. It is cheapest in beer, and dearest in wine. The quantity of alcohol to the pint varies greatly in the various kinds of fermented drink. It is smallest in beers, greatest in spirits, and in mediocre proportion in wines. Mr. Griffin in his book gives tables, by which you can see at a glance the quantity of alcohol in wines and spirits, and he might have extended it to beers. At the South Kensington Museum there used to be a series of specimens illustrating the quantities of alcohol in a large series of fermented beverages, including beer. Now the value of all these analyses, and of Mr. Griffin's experimental directions in so far as alcohol is concerned, is to ascertain which beverage gives the largest amount for the money. If we look at prices in connexion with alcohol, we shall find that it is sold in beer, ale and porter at about 2d. an ounce, in spirits at from 3d. to 6d., and in wines at from 6d. to three or four shillings an ounce. To those who drink fermented liquors for the sake of their alcohol, it may be some consolation to know that beers and spirits are cheaper than wine. More depends on this fact than most people think for. The great majority of mankind drink fermented beverages for the sake of their alcohol. The cheap wines of France and Germany will never be generally drunk in England till they are sold at a price that will make their alcohol as cheap as beer on the one hand, or low-priced ports and sherries or spirits on the other. Ports and sherries successfully compete with strong ales when they are so branded that their alcohol is nearly as low-priced as that of beer.

The next constituent of the greatest importance in fermented beverages is their flavour,—*bouquet*. Mr. Griffin is very learned on all the constituents of wines; but he gives no means of chemically ascertaining the presence of bouquet. Mulder, in his learned book on wines (see Dr. Jones's translation), gives an analysis of a pint of common Rhine wine, and a pint of Johannisberg, the one sold at 1s., the other at 25s. a bottle, but finds no difference in their composition. It is the same with wines as all other articles of food. There is a basis of what is necessary, and as Mr. Brooks observed to Mr. Samuel Weller of his cat's-meat pies, which became veal or beef or mutton as the public required, "it is the seasonin' that does it." The alcohol is the basis of wines, of spirits, and of beers, but what really makes any of these rise above the price of their alcohol in the market is the bouquet. It is the delicate hop flavour that makes Romford and Burton beers fetch a higher price in the market in proportion to their alcohol than the coarse stouts and porters of the London brewers; it is the fine bouquet of well-made gin, of old Jamaica

rum, or of Cognac brandy, that makes their prices differ, and it is the exquisite and peculiar flavour of fair and old wines that win their high prices. As to their flavours, Mulder has investigated their nature with a laboriousness which only their fascination could have prompted; but he has failed to tell us how to discover by chemistry a high-priced wine. Rüdesheim, Steinberger and Johannisberger are produced on a little knoll on the banks of the Rhine, and have always fetched the highest prices amongst hocks. Little nooks have produced the best wines of other districts, but why they were best has depended on no chemical knowledge, but entirely on the taste of the connoisseur. Everywhere the same spirituous quality, defying the researches of the chemist, meets us on the question of flavour; and we might as well apply to the chemist to tell us what constitutes the beauty of a picture, as to tell us what constitutes the charm of Imperial Tokay, Cabinet Steinberger, or Johannisberger.

But then there is the sugar, the absence or presence of which makes wines sweet or dry; there is the acid which makes them tart, the tannin that makes them astringent, and the saline constituents which give them action on the excretory organs. Here is undoubtedly work for the chemist—important work, too. Take, for instance, sugar. Without anything like demonstration, sugar has been held to be most pernicious in beers and wines. Hence the preference for pale bitter ales, the consumption of sugarless clarets and hocks, and the advocacy of a "little spirit" and water. To the unenlightened, this question is easily explained; but physiologists are still puzzled to know why an ounce of sugar daily taken in a pint of port or ale will give gout, whilst double that quantity in tea or coffee produces no such effect. Recent chemical researches seem to show that the sugar of wine is not sugar at all, but a compound resembling glycerine, which when taken into the blood, runs much more easily into dangerous compounds than common sugar. There seems to be little doubt that the same quantity of alcohol in sugarless wines and spirits-and-water may be taken without danger of producing gout. But then the awful possibility is held by certain medical authorities that these things kill off the indulger in them before gout has time to develop. We cannot help it; but we must leave our drinking friends on the horns of this dilemma. Next to the sugar comes the acid—the acids. Beers contain acetic acid, vinegar; wines contain tartaric acid; cider and perry, malic acid; British gooseberry and currant and orange, citric acid; rhubarb, oxalic acid. All these acids were at one time supposed by the doctors to give gout; hence all acid wines were interdicted, and ports and sherries were sugared to hide their acid taste. The doctors know better now, although the public do not. The doctors found acid in the blood in rheumatism and gout, and so interdicted taking acids. But they have now learnt that the acid in the blood of gouty and rheumatic patients is lithic acid, and that this acid is not generated directly or indirectly by the acids of wine. So the acid question is of no particular importance at this time, and no amount of any kind of acid in a pint of beer or wine is likely to do more injury to a person than a teaspoonful of vinegar, or the acid contained in an apple.

Then there comes the tannin, which is allied to the colouring matters in red wines. It is an astringent and a tonic, and acts favourably in cases of debility dependent on "flabbiness" of tissue. There is not so much tannin in a pint of claret as in a cup of tea; hence, as far as tannin is concerned, the wine is really not of

much value. But then there is that other question of bouquet, which connects itself with tannin in red wines, and which makes their astringency as enjoyable as a pretty picture or a piece of melody.

Last of all, the "saline" constituents of wine demand the attention of the chemist and the purchaser of wine. Some clarets are said to contain a little iron, and so do the chalybeate springs of Tunbridge. Others contain phosphates; so does bread. The fact is, if you want saline constituents, you had better drink mineral waters than select wines. The moral of the whole seems to be that, having ascertained the quantity of alcohol in your fermented beverage, limit yourself to under two ounces a day. If you are gouty or dyspeptic, avoid wines containing sugar, as port, sherry, Lisbon, Tokay, champagne, and many others. There is nothing dangerous, nothing beneficial in high-priced wines. What you pay for is flavour, and in this you may indulge to any extent, provided you do not exceed two ounces of alcohol. You need not avoid wines on account of their acid, nor drink them on account of their saline constituents. With these few rules and Mr. Griffin's book you may be safely trusted with the use of a wine-cellar of unlimited variety and extent.

A Brief Account of the Application of Magnetism to the Manufacture of Wrought Iron.
By W. Robinson, Inventor and Patentee of the Process.

The 'Brief Account of the Application of Magnetism to the Manufacture of Wrought Iron' is of so much interest both to our scientific and practical readers, that we need not apologize for giving the substance of Mr. Robinson's explanation in his own words:—

"Having for the last two years occupied myself in researches on the practical application of the power of the electro-magnet to iron, I am induced, by the astonishing effects of the large apparatus lately exhibited by Mr. Wilde, to make public the result of my investigations, in the hope that larger means than I have been able to command may be applied to the subject, and that thus the success already achieved may be followed out and turned to profitable account. In order that I may make myself better understood, I may be permitted to take a brief retrospect of the history of the magnet, *now* the most marvellous instrument of science. The properties of the mineral loadstone were remarked at an early date, and were regarded with mingled feelings of delight and wonder. Science, then in its infancy, soon recognized therein a secret source of power. Many attempts were made to turn its properties to useful account, but these efforts being misdirected met with little success. Its powers were then considered inscrutable, and it long continued to be regarded as a mere natural curiosity. Later, when it was found to communicate its properties to steel, and when this latter had been observed to manifest its polarity by indicating north and south respectively, it was introduced into navigation as the mariner's compass. In the arts it was used to separate iron from mechanical mixtures. In science it was a useful auxiliary in chemical analysis, and thus for a time the limits of its utility seemed to be attained. Subsequent observation, however, showed that the magnetic quality could be conferred permanently upon steel, and temporarily upon iron, by the transit of the electric current; also that iron thus circumstanced manifested magnetic power with a force unattainable by any other means. Still later it was found that not only can electricity be made to develop magnetism, but that, conversely, the power of the magnet can be made to develop electricity, and that the two forces, if not indeed identical, are correlative, and to a large extent interchangeable. Having premised thus much, I proceed to the object immediately in view. After noticing a few of the leading facts which led to my researches, I shall state in detail the operations

which have been performed, with some of their results, and shall then offer a few practical suggestions for consideration. The object of my researches has been the practicability of making wrought iron by the aid of the magnet, instead of the laborious, tedious, expensive, and somewhat uncertain process of puddling. The first fact which arrested my attention was that a file sometimes becomes magnetic as if by accident. To what particular circumstance, or set of circumstances, this is attributable, I have not been able to determine. Sometimes it seems to arise from filing across the end of a long bar of steel held vertically open in the vice. This will occasionally produce the effect, but not always. At other times it seems to result from filing soft steel of whatever form with sufficient vigour to produce heat. Occasionally the steady pressure and regularity of the stroke have a manifest influence; but, inasmuch as some apparently good files cannot be thus magnetized at all, the phenomenon must be partially attributable to peculiarity in the file itself, which, after much observation, I incline to think consists in the angle at which the teeth of the file are cut. Perhaps, also, the particular temper of the steel may have some effect. A second and more important fact is that a file which has thus become thoroughly magnetic appears thereby to have become almost indestructible by use, and will outlast many others doing the same work, becoming itself little the worse for wear. From this I conclude that the magnetic force develops a peculiar atomic structure, and great cohesion in the steel composing the file. With filings of iron the nature of this structure is clearly seen to be of fibrous texture, for, on forming a compact mass of them between the poles of a permanent magnet, and afterwards disrupting it by pressure, the appearance is exactly similar to the breakage of a bar of the toughest fibrous iron. A further elucidatory fact is that a magnet capable of sustaining 35 pounds suspended to its armature will only support a mass of cast iron weighing 7 pounds in place of its armature, or if filings be substituted it will retain barely 2 ounces, showing that the magnetic force may be so expended in polarizing the atomic structures of iron as to leave little remaining to exert an attractive power on cold metal. Further, this small remainder seems gradually to diminish as the temperature is raised, until at welding or fusing heat it disappears altogether. The question, then, remains, whether or no the power of effecting an atomic arrangement ceases also. To determine this point a 4-inch electro-magnet, excited by one of Smee's quart batteries, and capable of sustaining 35 pounds, was applied to a number of sand-moulds successively in such manner that the molten iron should be exposed in the act of casting to its influence. Similar castings were made from the same ladle full of iron without using the magnet. The effects were very distinctly marked,—the castings not magnetized were of the ordinary dull grey hue, with granular surface, the fracture a mixture of earthy and coarse crystalline, perfectly brittle and gritty to the file. Those subjected to the action of the magnet showed contrary characteristics. They presented a bright, shining surface, very much like lead newly cast, the fracture finely crystalline, with uniform metallic brilliancy. They yielded under the hammer, when cold, sufficiently to bear riveting, and, at a red heat, bore a limited amount of forging without breaking. To the file the cut was more like brass than cast iron. It may be here mentioned that during and after the running of the castings subjected to the magnet, the metal in the gids, or running holes, was in active ebullition, and, when cold, was found to be much honeycombed by bubbles, indicating the escape of gaseous matter from the metal. Specimens of these castings can be shown. They were cast at the foundry of Skidmore's Art Manufacturers Company (Limited), of Coventry, to whom my thanks are due for their courtesy;—their workmen also deserve mention for the praiseworthy alacrity and spirit with which they entered into and carried out my views. Being thus satisfied that iron in a molten state is amenable to the magnet, I made trial of its powers in reducing cast iron to the state of wrought iron. The first

essay was made at Battersea, July 19th, 1865, with a large, but very feeble, electro-magnet, excited by a very imperfect battery of one cell only, in a hastily-constructed furnace, on a bed of loose refractory sand, and without flux or fettling of any kind. The results, nevertheless, justified my anticipations. When the fusion was complete, the magnet was applied to two masses of iron, so built into the furnace as to be in contact with the molten metal, which was Earl Dudley's No. 2 Grey Forge Pig, mixed with a tenth of its weight of plate iron. In less than twenty minutes from the application of the magnet I had gathered a ball of wrought iron ready for the hammer, but (owing to the imperfect construction of the furnace) after an ineffectual effort to get it out, the heat overcoming me, I was obliged to desist. It was afterwards taken out cold, and in its crude state is perfectly tough. A second trial was made on the 18th of October, by a person accustomed to puddling: the result was the same, except that three balls of iron were successfully got out. These were shingled and rolled, by Mr. Daniel Pearson, of Dudley Port, Staffordshire, into bars, which proved of excellent quality. Samples of it can be seen, with his report thereon. As much inconvenience resulted from working on loose sand, the furnace was lined with fine-cinder, obtained from Millwall. Operations were resumed on the 20th of November, the magnet having in the mean time been greatly improved in its construction, and the former battery substituted by six of Smee's cells, 15 by 9 inches. The power of the magnet was then strikingly apparent. The magnetic arc in the furnace was plainly visible, both by a violent ebullition in the metal, and an intense blue heat similar to the 'strong heat' of a blast furnace as seen through the twer. Under its influence everything gave way; lining, fire-clay, Stourbridge bricks, and balls of iron, just then ready to be taken out, all became agglutinated in one viscid mass. The magnet was removed, the fire withdrawn, and, after cooling, the iron was with much difficulty removed. It was forged and rolled at Smethwick into angle iron. Samples of it can be shown, and reference made to the person who performed the operation. An agglutinate refractory sand was procured from Staffordshire, namely, from Gornal and from Moxley; with these the furnace was lined. The result was the same; the heat evolved by the intestine action of the iron softened or fused all with which it came into contact. The iron was, nevertheless, recovered, and was rolled at Smethwick into sheet, part of which still remains, and can be inspected. These results were attained, in some instances, with the puddling of ten to twenty minutes' duration, in others without any puddling at all. Under such adverse circumstances, no account could be taken of the weight of the yield of iron, the whole of which proved exceedingly tough, and capable of bending cold without cracking. Operations were subsequently removed to the 'Atlas Works,' Sheffield, J. Brown & Co., Limited. They were conducted under very unfavourable circumstances, owing to the jealousy of trade combinations; nevertheless, steel was made in twenty-five minutes from the time of fusion of the pig iron. In one instance the magnet was applied while the metal was melting, iron was ready for balling as soon as the fusion was complete, but a certain compound, known in the trade as 'physic,' was introduced to convert it into steel. This operation, although successful for the purpose intended, greatly vitiated the value of the trial as respects the making of iron. Altogether five heats were operated on of a total weight of 22½ cwt.; I regret that I cannot give the precise results of these trials, but as they were systematically and intentionally kept secret from me, I am unable to do so. I ascertained, however, that, in one instance, there was an overplus yield of steel amounting to 4½ pounds; in another it was as much as 19 pounds in the charge of 4½ cwt. On another occasion, two picked workmen being, without my knowledge, put into competition with me at another furnace for a wager, lost it by thirty-five minutes out of two hours. I would here observe, that being in one instance prevailed upon to increase the power of the battery from eight cells to ten, the power evolved was

necessarily made in since which combined research. is that h and force It is now demonstr mutual r thus, his electricity manent i by a switc tion is t intense l operator, of manifi To lo to the principal

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necessarily in excess of its work. These trials were made in January, February and March, 1866, since which time a variety of circumstances have combined to prevent further prosecution of the research. The general theory upon which I proceed is that heat, light, electricity, magnetism, motion and force are mutually convertible into each other. It is now rendered indisputable by Mr. Wilde's demonstrations with his powerful machine that mutual relations do really exist between them; thus, his large electro-magnet is excited by the electricity evolved from a number of smaller permanent magnets, whose action is rapidly repeated by a swift motion derived from heat, the combination is then capable of producing intense heat, intense light, or intense force, at the will of the operator, independently of combustion at the point of manifestation."

So long ago as April last we drew attention to the success of experiments conducted on the principles here explained.

FINE ARTS

The Basilica; or, Palatial Hall of Justice and Sacred Temple: with a Description and History of the Basilican Church of Brixworth. Illustrated. By the Rev. Charles Frederick Watkins. (Rivingtons.)

As the author's double title suggests, this book has a twofold object. Primarily, he sketches the origin and character of the ancient basilica, and indicates its extreme antiquity and service, as observable in the orders for the erection of the Tabernacle in the Wilderness—which, in the proportions they dictated, agree with those which are observable to have been followed in the plans of the temples at Jerusalem, no less than at Pæstum and Rome, and re-appear in the plans of the church at Brixworth as faithfully as Mr. Layard found them at Nineveh, and others remarked them in the Romanesque St. Peter's at Rome, which all who saw both commended as far grander than the more ornate and vaster cathedral of Bramante. Santa Maria Maggiore still shows many of these proportions, and is at once one of the most impressive and one of the most beautiful churches in the world. It is little more than a fourth of the size of the destroyed great Romanesque basilica in the Eternal City.

With regard to his secondary object, the author proceeds to give a history of certain excavations which he caused to be made in the church at Brixworth, of which parish he is vicar. In the course of these works he ascertained the existence of remains of "a square porch, with a main west entrance, opening into apsidal north and south and into a nave with four arches of a side, those arches opening into corridors, and with clerestory windows above between each two of the four arches, a compartment at the east of the nave leading into a semicircular apse and opening into square apsidal, or terminal, to the aisles, at its commencement from the nave." In fact, here, by means of the perseverance and foresight of Mr. Watkins, were found what can hardly be doubted are the remains of a Roman basilica of considerable dimensions, parts of which still serve the current uses of the parish, and are as proper to the church of the Northamptonshire vicarage as the cognate and probably coeval remains in Rome that are known to us by the name of Santa Maria Maggiore. Among these relics of imperial Britain were remains of the propyleum to a Roman temple or basilica, the bases of two circular columns on each side of the original west entrance, with charred timber, an indubitable sign that the edifice to which it belonged had been destroyed by

fire. Of later date was a Saxon clerestory arch; an Anglo-Saxon belfry was placed on the Roman porch, and may date a little before the Conquest; this end of the building was, no doubt, fortified for the defence of the church and its proprietors against the Danes, and is loopholed all round. A sculptured Roman eagle was found to have been built into one of the piers of the Saxon arches, and attested, if such a proof were needed, the existence of considerable works in the district by the conquerors of the world. Other remains in the neighbourhood are serviceable in the same direction. A Norman arch and an Early English mortuary chapel add to the richness and variety of the remains at Brixworth.

Mr. Watkins may be styled an enthusiast for the basilican character of his most valuable and important antiquity; to him may be given abundant thanks and ample praise for rescuing this extraordinary relic from the darkness in which time and ignorance had shrouded it. This is no small honour to any man, and will be peculiarly gratifying to him. We are not quite sure that he did wisely in destroying, as he says was done, respectively in the north and south aisles of his church, two out of the three Decorated windows; the third window remains in the west end of the choir, on the north side. It is true that these openings were out of keeping with the Saxon portions of the building, and interfered with the restoration of the Saxon arcade, which is so important an element of the work; also true is it that Decorated windows are by no means uncommon among ecclesiastical antiquities; nevertheless, we must protest against this sort of fanatical restoration. It is easier to destroy an old Decorated window than to build a new one; uniformity is of little consequence in this case compared with antiquity, and the continued existence of the three windows would have displayed the mutations in the history of the church more completely and more durably than we can hope will be the case by means of the energetic vicar's book which now lies before us. We are grateful to Mr. Watkins for what he has done both in building and writing. It is amusing here and there to note the secret in his mind of something very like disdain of the Gothic portions of this building. A basilican enthusiast, nothing thoroughly harmonizes with his taste which is not at least of Romanesque strain. For instance, even "a description of the *Basilican church*" at Brixworth need not have been utterly silent about the curious discovery of a relic in a small shrine which, inclosed in a wooden box, was found built up in the south wall, near one of the windows of the church, and doubtless forgotten, while the shrine to which it belonged was neglected. Of course this was no part of the basilica. Enough of this very interesting structure remains of Anglo-Saxon character to prove that the popular ideas of the meanness of architecture in that age in this country are as baseless as the still less well founded notions about the domestic buildings of the Gothic period,—notions which have been founded on such edifices as Rochester Castle and the White Tower, both of which keeps Lord Palmerston, the aptest exponent of these fancies, probably took for medieval domestic residences. Brixworth was but a remote dependency of Medehamstead (Peterborough), yet possessed this large church, which, oddly enough, is not mentioned in Domesday Book.

FINE-ART GOSSIP.

Mr. Ward has just completed another, the last but one, of the series of pictures he is commissioned to execute for the corridor in the Parliament

House. This represents William and Mary receiving the Lords and Commons in the Banqueting House, Whitehall,—an event which happened a short time before their coronation. The King and Queen are seen standing before the thrones, fronting the great officers of state and ourselves, who are supposed to be with the spectators of the ceremony. The Lords are represented by Halifax, who bears the crown upon a cushion; the Commons by their Speaker, Powle. The clerk of the Lords reads the Bill of Rights to the sovereigns, in respect to which action Mr. Ward has fortunately chosen that moment when, as it is recorded, the officer came to the declaration of the faults of Mary's father, and that Queen looked grieved and pained. There is on her face an apt expression which her action supports. The King gazes straight out of the picture with gravity and dignity of countenance. The marked difference in the statures of the sovereigns, the lady having the larger person, has been indicated by the painter. This appears in all representations, and most curiously in the wax effigies which form part of the absurdly-styled "Ragged Regiment," in Westminster Abbey, where the royal pair are shown standing in all their robes, and the crown is placed on a small table between them. To the left appears a lady of the court, who has a charming face, and, beyond, some of the Beefeaters. On the right stands a gentleman in the rich costume of that time—a capably-painted figure, which is also noteworthy for lighting and colour. The red canopy and hangings of the throne form the greater portion of the background: the royal robes are of purple, with ermine and lace; the officer who reads wears a black gown; a boy who, nearest to us, stands behind the last, is dressed in scarlet; the Chancellor's robes are crimson of a dark hue. The wisdom of Mr. Ward's deciding to confine the rendering of this not very fairly promising subject to a few figures will be obvious, when it is remembered that the act in question was so limited, and the field of the picture itself is small. The concluding design of this series, which will represent 'Monk declaring for a Free Parliament,' is, we understand, now occupying Mr. Ward's pencil. The 'William and Mary,' and 'The Departure of the Seven Bishops from the Court after their Acquittal,' which we recently described (*Athen.* No. 2059), will not at present be placed in the corridor.

A return to an address of the House of Commons has just been published, entitled "Copy of any Correspondence and Papers on the Subject of the Universal Art Catalogue," which comprises the minute of a board meeting held at the South Kensington Museum, April 5th, 1864, stating the nature and object of the Catalogue, that it is based on a suggestion by the late Mr. Dilke in the *Athenæum* before 1851, containing an account, by Mr. J. H. Pollen, of the first practised mode or its preparation, cost, &c.; also minutes of the Art Department, defining the character and scope of the Catalogue, giving the names of the gentlemen of the Committee of Advice, replies from those who were invited to assist, and whose concurrence is likely to give *éclat* to the proceeding; Mr. Pollen's further suggestion; minutes of committee meetings, estimates, and memoranda received from the *Times* office on the subject, and a minute, dated the 15th of May last, noting the suspension of the publication of proofs in that newspaper, until the success of that course can be ascertained.

With reference to Mr. Reid's proposed improvement of the collections of the English School of Engravings and Drawings in the Print Room, British Museum, we may add that J. H. Anderson, Esq. has presented to the Trustees a set of the Royal Academy Exhibition Catalogues, from the first, in 1769, until 1849. These are illustrated by more than 2,000 portraits and prints after masters whose works have been displayed on the walls at Somerset House and Trafalgar Square. Some of the prints give the identical pictures which were exhibited. This gift is enriched by valuable notes by Mr. Anderson, gleaned during half a century of collectorship. The value of this splendid and timely donation cannot be overestimated. It will afford material help in bringing to light again the

labours of many able Englishmen who have been almost entirely forgotten. The Print Room has recently acquired a very valuable and probably unique impression of early English engraving in a whole-length portrait of Queen Elizabeth standing, and dressed in a wide and high wired ruff, frizzed hair, crown, and gown which is covered with a sort of trolis of ribbons knotted at the intersections. The engraver's work and the picture it represents may be fairly associated with the style of Zucchero. This print is referred to in Stanley's 'Bryan,' and as its author, William Rogers, is stated to have been born in London about the year 1545, he was a contemporary of the Queen. Judging by the features, which show a subject far advanced in life, the picture must have been painted about 1590-1600. This engraver executed also the frontispiece of the author's portrait to Gerarde's 'Herbal,' and Harrington's translation of 'Orlando Furioso.' This print is not named in the catalogues of the most important private collections in this country, the Strawberry Hill, Sutherland, or Sykes gatherings.

M. Gérôme has recently been occupied in carrying out a novel pictorial conception of 'The Crucifixion.' This consists in rendering with the utmost of his extraordinary power the terror and pathos of that awful subject as they were expressed in the features and actions of the spectators who, soon after the event, were assembled at the foot of the cross. The figures of Christ and his companions in suffering are represented in the picture by shadows that fall before the spectators. The city of Jerusalem is shown in the background of the picture.

We have not often seen so pleasantly-executed a series of photographic landscapes as is supplied by that which Messrs. Barnard (Oxford Street) send us in twenty-one views on the Thames. These range in their subjects from Oxford to Windsor, and display in the majority considerable sense of Art in composition, such as brings advantageous effects of light and shade to the aid of the picture, and wisely disposes the movable elements of the subjects, such as boats supply; so that even where the landscapes do not afford dominant objects, accents or effective points are produced by the craft of the composer. This is especially the case in the pretty view of 'Ifley Mill,' a line of trees, the mill embowered, the river and its shore, with a skiff in front: a very beautiful photograph. Again, in the view of 'Windsor Castle,' where a line of fence and a white gate give the dominant to the foreground.—'Cliffden Lodge' has the leading feature in the mid-distance, where the rural cottage gleams brightly against the heavily-massed foliage. Also in 'Maple Durham Mill,' where a weather-boarded outhouse is distinct. A skiff appears again with excellent effect in the front of 'Wallingford Bridge.' Of course this expedient might be employed too often; other modes of attaining its end appear in other views before us. Among the desirable landscapes are 'Cookham Weir,' 'Mount Pleasant,' 'The University Barges, Oxford,' 'Caversham Lock House,' and 'Wallingford.'

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

Orestes: a Metrical Drama. By William P. Lancaster, M.A. (Bennett.)

In 'Orestes' we have once again a drama on that old Greek model to which our younger poets and poetasters have of late so frequently reverted. The present work, like its predecessor, 'Philoctetes,' contains many passages, especially in the choruses, the force and beauty of which are not to be denied. As in the case of 'Philoctetes,' too, we value the work more for particular passages than for its total impression. The story of Orestes (quite a distinct person from the son of Agamemnon) is very simple. He is a young monarch, whose sceptre, during his minority, is held for him by his mother, Dyseris. Dyseris is, however, in love with her chief General, Simus, an ambitious and unscrupulous man, eager for supreme power. Her guilty passion for Simus gradually

saps her maternal feelings. With her coadjutor, she sternly checks every attempt at independent action on the part of her son, and humiliates him by a slavish peace with his foes, to whom she surrenders him as hostage. On his journey from Larissa his life is sought by hirelings. At first, suspicion alights upon the enemies of the State, under whose custody he was when assailed; but the planning of the murder is eventually traced to Simus. Incensed by his treason, and yet more by the degradation which he has brought upon Dyseris, Orestes slays Simus with his own hand. He then upbraids his mother with conniving at the attempt to murder him, of which, however, she is innocent. She breaks into maledictions against her son, and retires. An episode, in which Orestes discovers that his love for a loyal maiden is unrequited, completes the tale of calamity, and the unhappy prince stabs himself with the dagger yet red with the blood of Simus.

Such is the outline of a story which, tried by the requirements of romantic drama, would undoubtedly be meagre. The classical drama, however, is less exacting in point of incident. Its events must be dignified and important, but they need not be numerous, for the small canvas allotted to the drama affords no space for the display but of varied and rapid action and of human feeling. To depict the latter, generally in conjunction with supernatural influence, is the special province of classical poetry, which makes amends for tenuity of plot by its elaborate exhibition of states of mind, as well with regard to the chief agents in the story as to the reflections of the Chorus. Simple, then, as Mr. Lancaster's plot is, it might have been sufficient if he had given more elevation to his chief characters and more massiveness to the few situations which it involves. Orestes, noble in his instincts, is so weak in action that we view his death, for which no adequate motive exists, with a pity scarcely blended with admiration. Simus, again, is merely a rough villain, who, though he has some force of will, wants the majesty of a tragic figure, and makes the passion of Dyseris for him a little contemptible. On the whole, we do not think that 'Orestes' can take high rank as an example of classical tragedy. But, viewed merely as a dramatic poem, it often demands high praise for the force of its dialogue and for the fervid spirit and beauty of description evinced in the choruses. There is the true throb of passion in the reproaches which Orestes addresses to his mother, whom he still believes guilty of seeking his life:—

God, who has cursed our house, has made no curse
Stronger to me than that I am your son.
Listen, for you shall listen: your desire
That I shall trouble you no more is known.
A mother's wish is holy, as they say,
And you best know the quality of this.
I will obey your hatred and begone.
Perchance I shall not speak unto you more;
Therefore, altho' you love me not, I find
Some bond that you should hear me this last time.
I will not speak to one in your high place
Of natural love: it is a peasant's virtue:
The race of princes has bred out this thing.
Indeed the order of the world is strange,
Not to spare you a royal lady and great:
A milk-maid's pangs in labour: strangely wrong.
But, when you have given the child to a hired breast,
After a year or twain you shall not fall
Into infirm affection, or any yearnings
That vex the market-wife should her child cry
With a cut finger. Many royal ladies
Have weeded out this feeble bore so far:
Yet few I think have scaled so high in praise
As you to conquer down all weak remorse;
Most would have faltered, women as they are,
To hire a brace of the very leech of men,
To put their knives into a troublesome son
In a lone pass.

As was the case in 'Philoctetes,' the choruses breathe that spirit of fierce invective against the gods to which the poems of Mr. Swinburne have lately accustomed us. The beauty of

Aphrodite is but a mask to her cruelty; and to gloat over human suffering is the chief pastime of Zeus. It is hardly strange, therefore, that mortals should express their feelings towards him as follows:—

Let us go up and look him in the face,
We are but as he made us: the disgrace
Of this, our imperfection, is his own.
And unabashed in that fierce glare and blaze,
Front him and say,
"We come not to atone,
To cringe and moan:
God, vindicate thy way.
Erase the staining sorrow we have known,
Thou, whom all things obey;
And give our clay
Some master bliss imperial as thine own:
Or wipe us quite away,
Far from the ray of thine eternal throne.
Dream not, we love this sorrow of our breath;
Hope not, we wince or palpitate at death:
Slay us, for thine is nature and thy slave:
Draw down her clouds to be our sacrifice,
And heap unmeasured mountain for our grave.
Flicker one cord of lightning north to south,
And mix in awful glories wood and cloud:
We shall have rest, and find
Illimitable darkness for our shroud:
We shall have peace then, surely, when thy mouth
Breathes us away into that darkness blind,
Then only kind."

If man were the mere thrall of circumstance and appointed to no after-life, there might be truth in this impeachment. At all events, it is urged with considerable passion and eloquence, though it is somewhat to Mr. Lancaster's disadvantage that he follows so quickly on a poet who has set forth the same desolate creed with the utmost intensity of feeling and splendour of imagination.

Heart Repose: a Dramatic Poem, in Three Acts. By Mary Catharine Irvine. (Simpkin, Marshall & Co.)

THE author of this work has chiefly written it in lines of twelve syllables, a novelty which, we think, will scarcely become a precedent. But we need hardly pronounce upon the poetical characteristics of the book, which displays a good deal of reasoning power; but the chief themes of which belong to the domains of criticism and logic, not to that of fancy. An argument on the doctrine of the Trinity, in which occur such lines as

The word *proskunoe*, as every lexicon
Will testify, bears a variety of sense,

exemplifies the strange mistakes, in point of art, of a clever and thoughtful writer.

PRINCESS'S.—The conduct of this theatre for a brief period has changed hands, Mr. Vining having surrendered the reins of government to Mr. Hermann Vezin, in order to enable him to produce a new drama, written by Mr. W. G. Wills, the novelist, in which Mr. Vezin performs the principal character, and which he has already tried, in some less complete shape, on the boards of a country theatre. The new drama is entitled 'The Man o' Airlie,' and for the most part is written in the Scottish dialect, but is founded on a German play by Carl Von Holtei; the fourth and last act, however, being indebted to Mr. Wills, the adapter, for its originality. The man of Airlie is one James Harebell, grazier and poet, and who, in Mr. Vezin's person, carefully attired to suggest the resemblance, reminds us at once of Burns. Morally speaking, however, the characters are very unlike, for Harebell is a model of prudence and propriety. Nevertheless, he comes to sorrow, and this by reason of his poetic ambition. Having saved money, Harebell determines to venture on publication at his own expense, but unfortunately considers it necessary that his book should be dedicated to a nominal patron; and for this honour he pays dearly. He seeks, through his daughter (Miss Nelly Moore), an introduction to Lord Steelman (Mr. W. D. Gresham), who receives the poet with condescension, but is doubtful whether he ought to encourage a man in his position in his poetical aspirations. At length his lordship accepts the proffered honour and hands over Harebell to his friend George

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Brandon (Mr. H. Forrester), who is supposed to understand the business of publishing, and undertakes to negotiate the matter with the booksellers. To this end Harebell entrusts him with 200*l.* and the MS. Now, Brandon is suitor for Miss Steelman's hand, but is under obligations to *Sir Gerald Hope* (Mr. E. Price), and uses the money to pay off the debt in part, and afterwards works on Harebell's sympathies by a feigned tale, thereby obtaining 300*l.* more, which he promises to repay in three months. In this manner Harebell is deprived of all his floating capital, and is compelled to accept the office of secretary to Lord Steelman, having previously surrendered his farming business. Still Harebell believes in the representations of Brandon, and daily expects to see the advertisement of his poems, until his heart is made sick with hope deferred, and the attention of Lord Steelman is called to the state of his secretary's health by *Sir Gerald Hope*. All parties then compare notes, and Brandon's fraud is completely exposed. Harebell's mind scarcely survives this treatment, and he refuses to accept the testimonial of his neighbours, devoting the sum subscribed to the establishment of an asylum, and goes forth himself in a state of distraction, which is supposed to lead to his suicide. Thus ends the third act, when, twenty years having elapsed, the fourth opens on the covered statue of the poet, whose works have been published by Lord Steelman, and whose fame has culminated. But what has become of the bard of *Airlie*? An old man totters in, bewildered and weary, but singing snatches of Harebell's songs. He finds, too, the printed book of poems, and shows a nervous delight in turning over the leaves. The statue is unveiled; the old man stands beside the pedestal, the likeness is remarked, his emotion betrays him, and Harebell is at last recognized by his friends and his son, now grown up to man's estate. This situation is very effective, and the curtain falls on a striking tableau. Great credit is due to Mr. Veizin for his enterprise in bringing this drama forward, and greater still for the truly artistic manner in which he sustains the part of the Scottish bard. Nothing can be more really picturesque or pathetic. He was ably supported both by Mr. Price and Mr. Forrester. Miss Edith Sturt as *Mary*, his wife, and Miss Nelly Moore, as his patroness, were efficient representatives of their respective characters, which might have been more fully worked out with advantage. The Scottish dialect, perhaps, interfered a little with the full intelligibility of the dialogue, but this was so carefully written and spoken that most of it reached the heart and mind of the auditors. At any rate, it was frequently applauded, and, so far as we could judge, the applause appeared as genuine as it was general. In some technical points the new drama is obviously defective; but there is about it evidently much conscientious work, and it displays a large amount of earnest feeling. The final scene, painted by Mr. F. Lloyds, gives an excellent view of a Highland loch, and caused the artist to be summoned to receive the applause of the spectators.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

Mr. Mapleson is ending his opera-season spiritedly, having on Tuesday last given Mozart's 'Il Flauto,' with the strongest cast which his theatre can afford. Mdlle. Tietjens was the *Pamina*, Mdlle. Nilsson the *Astrifammante*, and Mr. Santley the *Papageno*; and all the other parts, principal and secondary, were well filled. No cast, however, and not all the beauty, dignity and melody of the music can rescue the opera from being felt oppressive and unmeaning. The first of the two ladies named is a very good *Pamina*. Much has been said of the great progress made by Mdlle. Nilsson since she sang the difficult two songs of 'The Queen of Night' at the Théâtre Lyrique, which performance we distinctly recollect. We fail to perceive the improvement. Her voice is delightful, with a tone of northern sweetness in it thoroughly fresh and relishing; her appearance is most attractive, but her execution on Tuesday did not altogether satisfy us. *Astrifammante's* bravuras demand almost an excess of metallic accent, being

in the bygone style of florid music, which admitted of the rapid reiteration of a note. Perhaps no modern singer should be judged in a part so ungrateful; and that the Swedish lady has in other characters, more musically becoming, established herself here as a first favourite, admits of no question. She has entirely beaten Mdlle. de Murska (whom no one asks for or regrets) out of the field. Mr. Mapleson's subscription season has closed. There will be benefits next week. On Tuesday, for Signor Mongini, Cherubini's noble 'Medea' is announced. The theatre will close this day week.

In the notice offered last week of 'Romeo and Juliet,' it should have been stated that some brilliancy of effect was, of necessity, lost, owing to the large amount of transposition required to make the music comfortable to the two principal characters. It might have been supposed that this would be little felt owing to the acute pitch of the London, as compared with the Paris, diapason; but the reverse is the case, as any one who has examined the delicate mysteries of temperament will readily understand.—The season of the Royal Italian Opera will close to-night.

Mdlle. Tietjens is said to have accepted a brilliant engagement at St. Petersburg for the coming winter season. Mdlle. Lucca is engaged there also, for sixteen performances.

As always will happen, the preparations made for the reception of royal personages (especially in this country) are framed with a view to profit. Thus the vast Agricultural Hall, the picturesque decorations of which for the Belgian ball have been universally praised, has this week been thrown open for what may be called decorative concerts. These, it is obvious, have nothing to do with Art, so much as with that curiosity concerning upholstery, toilette and the laying out of banquets for great personages which eminently distinguishes our countrymen and countrywomen, be they ever so enlightened.

The idyllic contest of military bands at the great Paris Exhibition, has taken place. The entries for the prizes were from Austria, Baden, Bavaria, Belgium, Spain, France, the Low Countries, Russia and Prussia. The performances excited an enthusiastic interest, which has attended none other of the Exhibition music. The first prize, of 7,500 francs, was divided between the Prussian and the Austrian bands, and that of the Garde de Paris.

M. Bagier's programme for the Italian Opera at Paris is not of the richest quality. Mdlle. Adeline Patti is to be the principal *soprano*, Mdlle. Grossi the *contralto*, Signori Mongini and Gardoni will divide the occupation of first tenors. Herr Steller, a singer whose name is rising in repute, will replace Signor Graziani. The repertory is, of course, not yet made out. The operas at present promised are Bellini's sickly 'Gli Montecchi,' 'Così fan tutti,' 'Tancredi,' and 'Cenerentola.'

The Crystal Palace Opera Concert this day week (last of the regular series) was provided for by the singers from Her Majesty's Theatre. An extra one is to be given to-day.

There is once more a "simmering" of rumour that Opera in English is once again to be attempted during the early winter season. We have no mistrust of the possibility of the plan being carried out, provided it be started on a basis entirely different from that of any former speculation of the kind. We may presently, perhaps, offer a few ideas and speculations on the subject; premising that most, if not all, former attempts of the kind have been wrecked by over-ambition on the part of the managers.

A "Requiem," accompanied, as was fitting, by every solemnity, was sung, last week, in the chapel at Great Ormond Street, in memory of the late ill-starred Emperor Maximilian.

Mr. Russell, who is to undertake Promenade Concerts at Covent Garden Theatre this autumn, has engaged, we read in the *Orchestra*, MM. Bottesini and Strauss as conductors; and among other singers, Mdlle. Sarotta and Mdlle. Jetty Treffz, mainly remembered by her "Trab, Trab," a common German song, totally unworthy of the vogue it acquired, which she sang in England—how

many years ago? It is further stated that Mr. Russell has invited Herr Offenbach to come to England and to superintend the production of one of his musical trifles to run with the pantomime.

There has been lately produced at Pesth another Hungarian opera, by the Baron Felix Orczy. The title is 'The Renegade.'

A new singer, Madame Pauli Markovics, from Pesth, has appeared at Vienna, in 'Robert,' with entire success, says a contemporary.—Herr Botticher, in his time one of the most renowned deep-bass singers in Germany, is just dead.—There appears to be a stir in the Conservatory at Vienna, caused by a certain unpopular appointment. Owing to this, Herr Hellmesberger, the director, has sent in his resignation.

Madame Ristori has, through the Society for the Encouragement of Dramatic Art at Florence, offered a prize for the best comedy.

Mdlle. Scriwanek, who was a favourite in the Parisian theatres some dozen years ago, and who disappeared into the provinces, has returned to the metropolis, and is playing at the Folies St. Germain.—The International Theatre is closed. The course of the entertainments, so pompously announced as adding attractions to the great Exhibition, has done everything except "run smooth."

Astley's is to be let or sold.—Mr. E. T. Smith is reputed to be the future occupant of the Lyceum Theatre after M. Fechter's term of leasehold shall have expired.

M. Raphael Félix has addressed a letter to the *Times*, in answer to remonstrance, explaining that he has been rendered unable to carry out the letter of his programme, which promised some of the newest Parisian "spiceries" by the scruples of our censorship. His season is to be prolonged to the 3rd proximo.

Mr. Leicester Buckingham, son of Mr. J. Silk Buckingham, and who, among his other labours, exercised the craft of dramatic author and critic, died a few days ago in his forty-second year.

MISCELLANEA

Buzz.—In your issue of July 20 you raise the inquiry, "Was the game *buzz* ever an English game?" Yes! it both was and is now. It is what is called a "round game," and is played thus: a number of persons (generally ten or twelve) sit round, and count one, two, three, four, and so on in succession; and those persons to whom a five or ten comes in their turn must, instead of the number, say *buzz*. The penalty for omitting to do this is being struck on the hand with a knotted handkerchief. This, I have no doubt, is the game mentioned by Minshew, and I believe it is generally played in Yorkshire. T. J. DAY.

Literary Coincidence.—In M. Charles Baudelaire's 'Fleurs du Mal,' ed. 1861, I find a poem called 'Le Guignon' (No. xi. p. 30). I will quote the whole of it, and then offer a suggestion on the sources of M. Baudelaire's ideas.—

Pour soulever un poids si lourd,
Sisyphé, il faudrait ton courage!
Bien qu'on ait du cœur à l'ouvrage,
L'Art est long et le Temps est court.
Loin des sépultures célèbres,
Vers un cimetière isolé,
Mon cœur, comme un tambour voilé,
Va battant des marches funèbres.
Maint joyau dort enseveli
Dans les ténèbres et l'oubli,
Bien loin des pioches et des sondes:
Mainte fleur épanche à regret
Son parfum doux comme un secret
Dans les solitudes profondes.

In connexion with the first two stanzas of this sonnet, I will remark that Longfellow has written:

Art is long and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though strong and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

The last two stanzas suggest the still more familiar lines:—

Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

The appropriation is all the more surprising be-

cause M. Baudelaire stands so little in need of borrowed thoughts. J. B. P.

Rebellion Money of the Jews.—As from p. 1247 of the second volume of Smith's 'Dictionary of the Bible' it may be seen that Dr. Levy, in his 'Geschichte der Jüdischen Münzen,' has arrived at precisely the same conclusion which I had done, in a recent publication, with regard to the "Israel money" of the Jews, perhaps you will permit me to call some little attention to so singular a matter. Never having had the opportunity of ascertaining on what grounds the Doctor based his inference, if you will allow me, I will give you mine. First, if "rebellion money" had been issued, and these series were not of it, what became of it all, or what others possibly could belong to it? Secondly, by contrasting the inscriptions on the Jewish and Roman coins struck in the East, I at once detected a most remarkable divergency. On the latter, the name of "Israel" never once appears; invariably they run as follows, *Judæa*, or *Judæa navalis capta*. From this circumstance, coupled with the hardly less singular one, that the name of "Israel" is nowhere discoverable in the 'Wars' of Josephus, nor, I believe, in the classical page,—I naturally concluded "Israel" to be the watchword of some new, close, proscribed, political and party faction, and not of a nation. That, towards A.D. 6., the ramifications of this body or sect had stretched even so far as the Crimea, the inscriptions recently brought to light by Dr. Chwolson clearly show. A number run as follows—"Died, at the time of the deliverance of Israel, and 700 years after our exile." In fact, the evidence is overwhelming that, as well previously as subsequently to the destruction of Jerusalem, the "tribes of Israel" were almost everywhere "scattered abroad." In many respects Judæa has long appeared to me to have been about the least considerable of all the countless states of the Jews. The siege of Jerusalem, and to which the history of Josephus has attached an entirely fictitious importance, was far from being the most remarkable event, even in a military point of view, in the Jewish wars; whilst Alexandria was notoriously the real, intellectual centre of Jewish as of Greek theology, from some centuries prior to some subsequently to the Christian era. A medal of Nerva is yet existing (A.D. 97), on which is recorded, *Fisci Judaici calumnia sublata: Odious poll of Jews reversed*. It was in Cyrene, Egypt, Asia Minor and Cyprus, where the Jews were most numerous, that the terrible insurrection of that body, under Trajan (A.D. 115), broke out, and raged the fiercest. Now, all this, with much more to the same purpose, which might be added, is hardly to be accounted for if this whole matter of the Jews is to be envisaged independently of its Greek or Hellenistic entanglements. This character of difficulty was apparent enough to the learned contributor of the article 'Money' in Smith's 'Dictionary.' "These objections, however, are trifling," says he, "in comparison with one that seems never to have struck any inquirer. These small copper coins have for the main part of their reverse-type a Greek symbol, the united cornucopia; and they, therefore, distinctly belong to a period of Greek influence." Fearful of intruding too far upon your valuable space, I shall simply observe that, if this copper coinage, the poorest of the whole, was seemingly accommodated to Greek influence, so must the silver, the richest and most artistic of all, have proceeded from a Greek, or, at any rate, foreign mint. It is hardly admissible that such a series could, even at any time, have been struck in so poor a country as Judæa. To you and to the more thoughtful of your readers I leave it to revolve the singular circumstance, that whilst the name of "Israel" has never yet come to light, either among the Assyrian or Egyptian monuments, or in the classical page, or in the 'Wars' of Josephus, coins in numbers are forthcoming, of the first century, which, at least apparently, would bring down the "deliverance of Israel" to that very time; thus giving us the key to the cipher of the sacred nomenclature—Egypt for Rome.

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